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Current Comments

THE last session of this Parliament has opened in an uneasy atmosphere. The foreign situation is clouded by the breakdown of the disarmament negotiations and by President Coolidge's minatory declaration, and the home front by the increase in unemployment. The American President's speech was clearly addressed to Europe. The ingenious pretence advanced in some quarters that it was merely a piece of patriotic rhetoric will not hold good. The speech was a direct and calculated act of diplomacy designed to show Europe that, if she disliked the predominant battle fleet which the American proposals at Geneva would have assured to the United States, she would have instead an equally predominant fleet without any limiting conditions whatsoever. If this is open diplomacy, I prefer the old-fashioned kind, because the arguments used by old-fashioned diplomats could be officially contradicted without fear of popular clamour. Europe, however, cannot officially answer Mr. Coolidge. It is left to the Press to do so with what grace they can.

Clouded Skies

THE first thing to be thankful for is that America has openly abandoned her pretence of being content with a mere parity in naval armaments. It is true that America did not explain to the uninstructed public (when quoting some very misleading figures) the fact that she already had a superiority in post-war 10,000-ton cruisers, and claimed that our cruiser strength, built and building, was superior to her own. But she claimed openly that she had a clear right to a superiority in fighting ships, and the pro-American Press in this country has been left speechless. That is the second thing to be thankful for.

Causes for Gratitude

THE Navy question, however, remains, and it is essential to face the issues. Able and sincere men, faced at last with the facts, are trying to persuade themselves that it is immaterial to us whether our battle fleet is equal in fighting capacity to that of the United States. War, they say, is impossible between the two great English-speaking peoples, and therefore why worry? It is not a question

Are We to Abdicate?

to be hastily judged. The issues are too grave. We can follow Holland into political exile, and equal for many generations her record of secure prosperity. But that course is not consistent with our character, our traditions, or the responsibilities we have assumed in breeding on an Imperial foundation a people far beyond the capacity of our food supplies. The only question we can honourably consider is whether our present position in Europe and elsewhere can be maintained if we allow ourselves voluntarily and of our own free will to sink to the level of a second-class naval power. What is the record of other naval powers which have lost their pre-eminence at sea? One and all have passed into obscurity. The reason is not far to seek. Naval power cannot be improvised; and a second-class power, if it be an island, has therefore no alternative but to accept without qualification the bidding of its superior. If England were to place herself in that position, how long could she maintain her Eastern Empire or the integrity of the Commonwealth? An Empire which can only move its army with the concurrence of a rival, however friendly, has ceased to be an Empire.

An Old Challenge

THE conclusion is the old one. Once these grave issues are analysed, we find that the assumption on which the belief in the futility of armaments rests is that no one is ever going to attempt to control the lines of our policy. That a power enjoying an effective superiority at sea could control our policy at will cannot be seriously denied. When we get so far, the rest is easy. People want what they can get: they are, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, content to lack what, without grave risks and a high degree of criminality, they cannot get. This is not due to the defects of human nature so much as to mere logic. If you abolish the law of property, you do not get theft as the result; on the contrary, theft becomes impossible because property has ceased to exist. It is the same with the sovereignty of an island people. Without the ability to protect our food supplies, we do not risk our sovereignty: we lose it. Spain, Holland and France and Germany have challenged our right, not to dominate the world (which we could never do, even if we wished), but to feed ourselves and so hold ourselves free to act as we will in the cause of civilization as we see it. If we had ignored any of these challenges,

the world would be the poorer by anything we have had to offer. That is all. Perhaps we have little to offer which is worth the price. But at any rate the price is one which we pay ourselves, and the choice is ours.

And an Old Reply

ARE we then to throw down the gauntlet to a great and friendly power and challenge America to competitive shipbuilding? Of course not. The statesman-like course is, however, clear. We will disarm on a basis of parity, ship against ship. If America will not accept a strict parity, by which I mean nothing more subtle than an identical number of ships of each class, then she can build as she likes, and when she likes. We, on our side, will do the same and hold ourselves free to make such alliances as we please. But the disarmament project must be carried through or put on one side. We must make the acceptance of a strict parity the condition of entering into any conference and leave the American people, of whom the overwhelming majority are friendly and pacific, to decide. And let us never forget that America is no longer a detached spectator of European quarrels. She is the great creditor nation, and creditors lose more than debtors in a universal bankruptcy.

The Unemployed

THE domestic problem of unemployment overshadows everything, even our foreign policy. The critical condition of British finance is, indeed, weakening our international prestige far more than the shortcomings of our recent diplomacy. The plain fact is that unemployment is increasing and that—with the solitary exception of the new Local Government Reform Bill, which in the long run will call a halt to a certain amount of wasteful expenditure—none of the "remedies" advocated by the politicians goes near to the root of the evil. Since the next few months will be devoted to examining the remedies suggested by the three parties, let us analyse the real causes of unemployment. Not till we know these can we judge what action is called for.

The Elements of the Problem

To understand the causes of unemployment we have to get money and imports and exports out of our heads, and to take first an imaginary self-supporting country shut off from the outside world and using barter as a system of exchange. The wealth of such a country seems at a

superficial glance to consist of what it produces. That is a fallacy. Wealth consists only of exchange values. As long as there is an abundance in the country of food, drink and shelter, everyone will be " employed " because out of their abundance the producers of essentials will be ready to give their products not only to each other, but to others who provide them with less essential products. But directly there is a shortage of any essential, unemployment sets in (unless, by rationing, the standard of life in the *whole* community is reduced), because only the producers of other essentials will be able to exchange their products for the commodity of which there is a shortage. When, for instance, there is famine, no one will give bread for diamonds, but they will, within limits, for drink, shelter and clothes. As in England today, the producers who find no market for their foods will be kept alive out of humanity and a sense of benefits to come until the shortage is over. If it becomes really acute, they will, however, starve as they do in India, and if it becomes permanent, the population will decline. The first lesson is therefore this. No amount of production as such can make a country prosperous. Prosperity depends on the production of goods which can be exchanged for the essentials of life, and the standard of life in every community depends on the amount of these essentials which it can obtain.

A Step Nearer Realities

Let us next introduce the conception of money, but still take an isolated and self-supporting country. Instead of refusing to supply, quite literally, as in Russia today, the producers of an essential of which there is a shortage will raise their prices. The volume of purchasing will, however, remain the same. What happens ? Producers of other commodities will also raise theirs ; but only those who are producing what is needed, by the producers of the essential commodity which is for the moment scarce, will be able to sell their goods. The others will not, because the higher price of the things in greater demand will absorb the available purchasing power. They will therefore go out of employment. Their goods will have no exchange value at the enhanced price.

The Lesson

IF we now consider the case of a non-self-supporting country with a monetary system, we find that there is no difference *except the all-important one that for a non-self-supporting country there is always a shortage of essentials* (which the whole world is trying to buy) *and never a shortage of non-essentials* (which the whole world is trying to sell). The non-self-supporting country has got to compete in the world's markets or starve. This is the iron law, the *articulus stantis aut cadentis imperii*. Nothing can abrogate it. Unless we can produce goods at world competitive prices (which are determined by world prices of essentials) there is always a scarcity of essentials and therefore unemployment. That is the position today.

Deceptive Appearances

WHAT makes it difficult to realize this, and still more difficult to make interested parties—whether capitalists or trade unionists—do so, is that people see no shortage whatever of essentials, but on the contrary see (*a*) everyone, employed or otherwise, well fed; (*b*) luxury trades flourishing; and (*c*) importation of goods from abroad other than essentials. The explanation of these things is that the producers are being forced to supply the non-producers out of their own pockets and that this has entailed a vicious circle. This burden of what we call taxation—which is the forcible distribution to everyone, whether a producer or no, of a minimum share in the exchange value of the collective production—sends up prices and decreases steadily the exchange value of the goods produced and so decreases the wealth of a country. Money which should be going in new plants, in reducing prices and building up reserves, is being spent in this way. The result is either production of unsaleable goods or production at a loss. In either case we have growing unemployment and a vast quantity of foreign goods imported in the desperate and only partially successful endeavour to break the vicious circle somewhere. In other words, *the foreign imports are the result, not the cause, of unemployment; they are the result of our failure for reasons within our control to produce goods which can hold their own in the world's markets and so enable us to keep our people economically supplied with the necessaries of life.*

The Second Lesson

We have got to learn also that there is no *surplus of wealth*. No producing unit will ever be able, except for very brief periods and in exceptional circumstances, to get more for its products than the ordinary amenities of life for those who produce them and supply the capital, brains, and the distribution service. Humanity will always produce goods up to this level and will always multiply itself down to that level. When, therefore, we see the unemployed tolerably fed and clothed, and an overwhelming prosperous *rentier* class, we must not be deceived. Causes will not be denied their effects. The reckoning has got to be paid. And it is, in fact, being paid by increasing unemployment. It is the fundamental duty of all publicists and politicians to bring this hard and brutal fact home. The considerations outlined suggest at least five conclusions :—

(*a*) That the Labour policy of increasing the home purchasing power by means of minimum wages, pensions, etc., is only aggravating the evil by depriving ever-increasing quantities of British goods of exchange value, unless the volume of money is again increased proportionately to the increase in wages, in which case no one is any better off.

(*b*) That the Treasury and Bank of England policy of rigid restriction of credit by devaluating money, has proportionately increased the taxation necessary to meet our vast debt charges, and in doing so has (whatever its merits in other directions) increased unemployment. (In this connection Mr. McKenna's "Post War Banking Policy" should be closely studied.)

(*c*) That the Protectionists' idea of concentrating on the home market is futile. There is no such thing. There is for the non-self-supporting country only a world market. Goods produced above the world's prices cannot be forced on the British consumer except by forcing him to decrease his spending in other directions. Somebody has got to go without essentials to make up for the increased call on essentials given to the protected manufacturer, since goods produced above the world's prices have no exchange value and therefore do not increase the total supply of essentials at the disposal of the people as a group.

(*d*) That the Liberal policy being for all practical purposes the same as the Labour policy is equally valueless.

(*e*) That the Baldwin-Amery policy of safeguarding stands or falls by its use as a deliberate method *not of bringing up but of bringing down prices. If by guaranteeing a home market we can enable our industries to get their products down to world prices, we shall do good.* But if we make the British consumer pay more, we shall merely be taxing the rest of the country in the interests of the particular industry, stereotyping inefficiency and making permanent the present disparity between the British producer's and the world's prices. The acid question is exports. We do no one any good by keeping out imports *as such.* We grow richer only by consuming more, not by consuming less. More British goods does not mean more British wealth—*wealth consists only of goods available for exchange.* Safeguarding is a remedy for unemployment only so far as it increases the supply not of British goods as such, but of British goods available for exchange in the world's markets.

Can Safeguarding Reduce Prices?

CAN safeguarding lower prices? To answer this question we must see how much of the present unemployment is due to high labour costs, high taxation, inferior organization, and our distance from foreign markets, and how much to undercutting of British industries by foreigners selling to us in the home market below world prices. The plain answer is that most of our unemployment is due to one or other of the first group of causes, and very little of it to the second. But if this is so, it is impossible, *without other action,* for safeguarding *alone* to recapture our lost trade. On the other hand, it is probably only by safeguarding, properly used, that the necessary interval for wholesale reorganization and rationalization can be secured. But every industry claiming to be safeguarded must satisfy the tribunal that it intends, with a reasonable prospect of success, to reduce its selling prices to the world's level; otherwise its claim must fail. Furthermore, a reasonable time limit must be imposed. In no other way can the Government do its paramount duty, and not only bring home to capital and labour alike the definite quantitative problem which

every industry has got to solve, but put definite and practical pressure on them to solve it.

In the light of these hard economic facts the Government's new declaration on safeguarding is hardly satisfactory.

An Unsatisfactory Pronouncement

A permanent tribunal is to be set up to decide all applications, and instead of having to show "abnormal" imports, industries now have only to show imports "substantial in proportion to domestic consumption." The pretence that this alteration involves no change of principle seems rather ridiculous. Imports in "abnormal quantities" (the old phrase) were clearly imports substantially in excess of the quantity imported on the average over a period of normal years. The new phrase can be accurately applied to imports actually below the average of normal years, provided that the average represents a quantity substantial in proportion to home production. To get away from official phraseology, it appears clear as daylight that any industry which suffers from foreign competition will be able to claim safeguarding, providing, of course, that the duty would not have "a seriously adverse effect" on employment in any other industry. It need not concern us that this looks more like Protection than Free Trade. What concerns us is that the industry asking for assistance is not required to show that safeguarding will reduce its production costs and enable it to compete in the world's markets. Yet if safeguarding does not reduce prices, it will merely add to the existing burdens of the British consumer.

It is because it faces some, at least, of the realities of the unemployment problem that all serious students of politics, whether they admit it or not, are welcoming the new Local Government Reform Bill. I find little public understanding, however, of the significance of the measure. It is associated in the public mind with derating, which is little more than the occasion of long overdue reforms. The feature of our politics since 1906 has been the steady growth in expenditure on public assistance, sometimes described by the question-begging term "social services." Public assistance is itself a rather polite term for the distribution of the money of a minority among the majority of the electorate. The chief distributors have been the local authorities. The

The New Reform Bill

new Bill should indirectly but effectively restrict the imposition of new burdens on the taxpayer. It will do so by altering the administrative areas and by far-reaching financial reforms. The new Bills (for there are two, one for England and Wales and one for Scotland) transfer to the county and county borough councils—and their Scottish equivalents—the administration of the poor law and, with certain negligible exceptions, the administration of highways. Boards of Guardians and Parish Councils (the Scottish equivalent) are abolished. The influence of these reforms should be far-reaching, provided the voluble protests of vested interests do not lead the Government to emasculate the Bill. The opposition of these interests is, however, inevitable. The number of Scottish poor law authorities will be reduced from 869 to 52, while the boards of guardians in England and Wales, also doomed to extinction, are politically even more vocal than the Scottish parish councils.

The End of Bumbledom

THE justification of this measure of centralization is overwhelming. The time has gone by when millions of public money can be disbursed by an overlapping network of small authorities, whose personnel can give but little time to the control of its officials, where local influence predominates, and administrative experience and efficiency are inevitably to seek. The electorate has imposed vast and growing responsibilities on local authorities, and these have yet to be organized to enable them to discharge their responsibilities with an eye, not to the immediate needs of a small area often either predominantly prosperous or predominantly the reverse, but to the interests of an area sufficiently wide to represent all facets of the national life. In particular the poor law has to be administered, not merely in the interests of those in receipt of relief, but in the more urgent interests of those who are at work and hope to remain so. Obvious and direct economies will result from the centralization proposed, as from any other method of "rationalization." The number of officials will be reduced, poor law and other institutions will be specialized and made to serve wider areas, and roads can be improved without placing an inequitable burden on poor authorities. But the real gain will be different. County Councils are bodies representative of all sections of the community.

They attract the best men still remaining in public life, and their officials are among the most efficient in the country. They can afford to pay adequate salaries, and are less responsive to popular clamour than either Parliament or the smaller councils.

I MAY seem to be expecting too much from these administrative changes. The answer is that administration is, if not the larger part of economy, at any rate the larger part of such economy as is possible. The poor law is the overwhelming proof of this fact. The obligation of the present poor law authorities is to relieve destitution, and that obligation has remained unchanged for generations. What is done under cover of fulfilling it is a matter of administrative practice. You cannot define destitution by Act of Parliament except so generally as to provide no suitable test. You can, however, by your administration corrupt a whole district. The same applies to other services. The provision of meals for schoolchildren may be a wise and humane step or insidiously degrading.

The Curse of Inefficiency

BUT the reforms are not solely administrative. The financial provisions of the new Bill are almost equally important. The de-rating provisions introduce no new principle and are infinitely less important from the point of view of national economy than the others. The real reform is the abolition, in the case of services other than education, of what is called the percentage grant system. This is a system whereby the Treasury, i.e. the taxpayer, guarantees to subsidize local authorities, not by paying them a fixed sum, but a fixed proportion of whatever sum the local authority chooses to spend. Of course, the Central Government has had a certain loose control, but this has been admittedly ineffective. The result has been that, speaking generally, local authorities *have been encouraged to spend*. This has been denied, but most foolishly, since the system was devised in the first instance to stimulate expenditure, particularly on health services. But the time has come when we are spending more, not less, than we can afford. The taxpayer is now going to say to the ratepayer, "I will give you so much; this will maintain your existing service and give you a small margin. In five years' time I will look at the matter again, but for the present this is all I can afford." In

A Check to Expenditure

other words, the wholesale expenditure of other people's money by local authorities is to be discouraged. Mr. Neville Chamberlain's Audit Act (which gave the Government auditors the power to seek the authority of the High Court to enforce surcharges of improper expenditure, made it possible to distrain on the members of a local authority who had voted for improper expenditure, and disqualified them from office unless and until they repaid the amount of such expenditure) has led to decreased expenditure in certain boroughs of hundreds of thousands of pounds a year. But this measure did not go to the root of the matter. It dealt only with illegal expenditure: it did not challenge the right of local authorities to force up expenditure in the interests of their constituents at the expense of other people. And the right has been exercised and defended by politicians of all schools, on the specious grounds that expenditure on social service is productive. It is this false theory which is corrupting the people far more than the illegal laxity of a few individuals, and the psychological effect of abolishing, if only in part, the percentage grant system will be substantial.

What is Productive Expenditure?

THE value of the Government reforms will be even greater if Government spokesmen can be induced to challenge explicitly the doctrine that expenditure in social services is "productive." Education increases efficiency, sickness and nervous anxiety diminish it. Is it therefore true that all expenditure on education and health services or on the maintenance of the unemployed is to the good of our national life? That is what the Labour theory amounts to, and on that theory the coming election will in reality be fought. The answer is not abstruse. On the one hand, the more a man can afford to spend on the education of his children and the comfort of his household, the better citizen he is. On the other, if he is allowed to spend other people's money on these objects he is tempted to become a bad citizen. An expenditure which turns good citizens into less good citizens is the most malignant attack on our productivity that any enemy of our society could devise. The problem is not one to be solved by Draconian legislation. We cannot condemn the children of people, some of them merely unfortunate, to poverty and illiteracy. We can and must

say to the local authorities, "thus far and no farther." That is the only statesmanship, and the Bill achieves it.

Australia a Warning

STUDENTS of the effect of "progressive" politics on prosperity can take a warning from the finances of the Commonwealth of Australia, which are about as unsatisfactory as those of the several States comprising the Federation. During the last financial year, for instance, the Government spent roughly 43 millions more than they obtained in revenue, the deficit on the year's budget being £2,630,237, and the year's borrowings being £40,493,784. This latter sum was raised in London and New York. Meanwhile the effective hours worked in the famous Broken Hill mines have been reduced from thirty-five to thirty per week, and only four of the mines are now active. We have in Australia a remarkable example of the actual effects of labour domination, and of the fact that a high tariff has been as insufficient to maintain the rates of wages which labour demands as it would be in England to maintain the present expenditure on public assistance. Meanwhile, the labour of future generations is being pledged recklessly to the payment of interest for decades to come on an endless series of loans. The result has been to impair the credit of Australian Governments and to raise the rates of interest against them. The same thing will happen here if Mr. Lloyd George is returned to power and proceeds to borrow, as he threatens, 200 millions from the public to soften the hearts of members of the electorate whom he has not been able to reach through the machinery of his personal fund.

D. J.

Christmas Appeals

Beatius dare quam accipere. As Christmas comes round, we ask our readers, as usual, to help some deserving causes. The Church Army distributes parcels of good fare to poor homes, and when they can be bought in large quantities, money can be saved to increase the distribution. The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship carry the traditions of the noble earl who was active in every good work, and they have an admirable way of making young people into good and useful citizens. The Friends of Armenia appeal for the "remnant of the first Christian nation," which today is often in need of the bare necessities of life.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

Stresemann's Speech.—Cynical as French opinion showed itself to be at the time of the Locarno Pact, it is now deeply hurt, terribly grieved, that Herr Stresemann should bluffly forsake the brotherly love and kiss-me-Hardy sentiment of three years ago. Regarding politics with the cold and glittering eye of intelligence crystallized into diamond brightness by any question of self-interest that comes along, the French still like to believe that others should be, and will be, melted into hot softness at a moment of crisis by the mere recollection of a St. Martin's summer three winters gone. It is hurtful to their idealism (for others) to picture Stresemann employing his convalescence in ridding himself of the last sweet memories of trips upon the lake in *The Orange Blossom*, and smiles across the écrevisses à la Nantua at Thoiry, in order to appear before his own Parliament as a German statesman addressing Germany's politicians about Germany's desires, with no apparent thought for the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon in the Strangers' Gallery.

It is even more shocking to suppose, as these heart-hurt but clear-minded critics do freely suppose, that he was not just being national on a German occasion, but was engaged in weaving a subtle web for the feet of the Allies. England's opportunism and egotism, so clear to France when England wants something that is not what France wants, will doubtless be only too ready to profit by the wily way in which Stresemann's demands have been arranged to serve the English Government's need to keep France and Germany straining on their leashes towards each other, while it keeps itself in power. The enemies of the new Poincaré Government in the Chamber might also be expected to feel much encouraged by the "Machiastresestophelean" manœuvre in their wish to overset the new French Cabinet. But what an error of psychology was here! Herr Stresemann, in asking for his ration of confidence from his German colleagues, forgot that to his friends among the French he was also asking for the moon. Evacuation, if you like—that suits the Stresemann programme and the anti-Poincaré programme; but less Reparations? There is not a Radical-

Socialist-Abstentionist who could propose that to his constituents.

Belgium also has mentioned her feeling on this point, and with no meanderings. She wants what the Dawes Plan gave her, and the whole jazz band of the rest of us can do what we like; but she stands as firmly on this island left of her rights as she stood in 1914–1918 on the island left of her country.

French Criticism.—It seems that the Stresemann speech is more likely to make countries and parties stand on their two feet and say exactly what they do mean than it is likely to fuse any of them. And it seems also unlikely that so much variegated guile can apply to that speech as Paris tries to lend it. After all, a man wants to keep his home vote. He can consider other folk later—and a few spurts of temper by them in the interval might conceivably be illuminating. Meanwhile, France considers England a slyly marauding Faust; she herself is Marguerite, twiddling her plaits, but very anxious to sing the "Jewel Song" over a casket received from Germany.

Christmas Japes.—Anybody who wishes to feel the pulse of Paris this winter will have some difficulty in knowing whether she is suffering from high fever or low; the conclusion will hardly be that she is in a normal state. Among the fixtures arranged for December there are items which ill consort with her long-held reputation for elegance. Various wine-waiters have tasted many vintages to prove their worth, but this year it was done under carefully arranged arc lights, and with an invited public; the evolutions of each man's Adam's apple were such as to show that it no longer sticks in his throat. The beginning of Christmas month has been chosen for an International Cocktail Contest, on the usual lines of paying a lump sum and being allowed to taste all the competing concoctions, but raised into importance by formidable advertising, and avowedly undertaken in the hope of showing that France can make cocktails. (So why "International"?)

Jewels on Dresses.—Moreover, jewels have now definitely ranged themselves among the trimmings of gowns. For long they have been merely *articles de Paris*, now they have become *apanages de la haute couture.* Each dress-making house has its models, mostly made of fourth-rate glass imitating second-rate gems, and the prices charged

are as strictly in consonance with the standing of the firm as if the baubles had been fabrics or hand-embroidery. The theory is that no dressmaker in the world can trust the taste of her clients, so she prefers to furnish her with the ornaments that are to be worn on the exposed parts of the body, in order that the general effect of the dress may not be unworthy of the house that created it. In some cases the effect is good; in others it reminds one of the parents who insist on adding a name to their child before the infant is a month old, and let loose upon the world a perfectly good Bertha who has to be called Lily because they did it to her when she was too new to protest. The dressmaking jewellery must, of course, be worn only with the garment to which it was handcuffed at birth.

Mealtime Clubs.—As motor-cars, telephones, wireless, aeroplanes, and other means of economizing time multiply in our lives, we find ourselves more and more hurried. Nobody ever has time for a conversation except over a meal. Paris is specializing in mealtime clubs. They move from restaurant to restaurant, in order that, while the object of the meeting is that members shall talk to each other, in case they do not know what to say, the special menu will provide a topic of conversation. The "Moins-Que-Trente-Ans" are young writers and artists, like Rab and Natanson and Sarment; their monthly luncheons are in danger of becoming too successful. The "Thirty-to-Forty Club" has Paul Colin of "Le Tumulte Noir," in which he has seen Parisian characters as though Josephine Baker's complexion had become epidemic, André Birabeau, Maître Chenu, and many other faithful attendants at its dinners; at each a work of an author-member is raffled for by the others, and an artist-member illustrates the menu. It is the proud boast of the club that few of these menus could be shown in a drawing-room. Other feeding-clubs of the kind are the "Ecrivains Combattants," the "Bassin de Radoub," the "Crapouillot," the "Mousquetaires," and the political "Treize," who, between the tremendous façade of the Madeleine and its meek and mean opposite number of the Chamber, please themselves with thinking that no ministry can rise, flourish or fall without them. Even in France, her home, Conversation seems nowadays in need of that useful crutch, Publicity!

Protection and Nationalization

By Edmund C. A. Church

SCARCELY a day elapses without a demand from this paper or that for the Government of the moment to intervene here or to legislate there. Those who formulate these demands, however, never appear to inquire whether they come within the legitimate scope and aim of civil government. Those who assert that we have taken the road to anarchy seem to have some cause for their complaint, for there has been a growing tendency throughout the whole of the post-war period to stampede successive Governments into one form of legislation or another, without pausing to consider whether or not such legislation would confer a lasting benefit upon the community as a whole.

Moreover, a common heresy has taken root (and is rapidly gaining ground) which asserts that the rights of the citizens are the creation of the State. This fundamental error is one of the dogmas of the Socialist Party, and its creator was Rousseau, the author of the "Contrat Social." It loses sight of the fact that a man is born a man—not a citizen—and as such he has certain rights actual and potential in the order of nature. The State exists not to create the rights of the citizens, but to protect them.

The traditional conception of the scope and aim of civil government is the well-being of citizens as citizens. The scope and aim of the State is not the prosperity of its members *qua* men, but the temporal prosperity of the body politic, and the well-being of the citizens *qua* its members. The right of the citizens to hold private property is above the State, but if they abuse this right, and to the detriment of the other citizens, then it becomes the duty of the State to restrain them from such abuse. The State exists to preserve the liberty of its members, not to abolish liberty, as the Socialists apparently believe, and to reduce the community to a condition of State-serfdom. It exists to ensure that the citizens shall enjoy

in common religious and political freedom; it exists to guarantee adequate provision for intellectual advancement on a plane which will allow them to compete on at least equal terms with the citizens of other States; it exists to protect the right of its members to hold and enjoy that which is their own, viz. to safeguard their right to hold private property; it exists to protect them from offenders against the natural laws upon which all religious and civil laws are based; it exists to guard them against feats of arms. In short, the State exists to ensure to the citizens their liberty, and to afford them such protection as is humanly possible in the turmoil of the battle of life.

Now, it is obvious that without civil government peace on earth (to say nothing of goodwill) would reign no more. Therefore in a civilized State unrestricted liberty is unthinkable. The traditional (and Conservative) view of the liberty of the citizens is that each and all should be left unfettered to exercise their free-will to their own eternal glory or damnation, so long as the well-being of their fellow-citizens is not endangered. Thus, it is necessary for the State to punish and restrain those who commit acts which the citizens have agreed are criminal acts. Again, it is necessary for the civil government to enact such measures as may be necessary to ensure the physical well-being and general health of the citizens as a whole. It is also apparent that legislation must be enacted to compel the citizens to provide their offspring with such instruction as will enable them to compete successfully with the citizens of other States in the schools, universities, and workshops of the world. In short, the State exists to prevent conditions likely within human experience to endanger the well-being of its members.

But it by no means follows that because certain citizens have abused their rights and privileges, these should be taken from them in perpetuity. That is another capital mistake of the Socialists, especially with regard to private property. The history of the human race is one long record of the abuse of free-will, and, therefore, according to the Socialists, all liberty should be abolished. Private property has too often been shamefully abused.

Men have forgotten that the private owner is not an irresponsible master of his goods, but only the steward thereof. So from time to time citizens have prostituted their rights to private property to the meanest and most immoral objects, and it has then become necessary for the Government of the day to restrain those rights and to punish the offenders. Thus the State is acting within its own proper sphere when it restrains its members from making "a corner" in some product or products vitally necessary to the well-being of other members and thus inflicting grievous harm upon such members. It is, however, quite another thing for the civil government to enact that, since certain citizens engaged in a damaging operation of the sort, in future the State would appropriate the rights of the other citizens to engage in commerce with such commodities. The immoral act of the offenders cannot be lawfully made a lever for the nationalization of the products concerned. Moreover, such an act does not even give the State the right to forbid its members to hold a larger quantity of these commodities than they actually require for their own individual use. It is apparent, however, that it is the bounden duty of the Government to make such an operation illegal and thus restrain the other citizens from making "corners" in these products in the future.

Coal is a vital necessity for the temporal well-being of the citizens of the modern industrial State. In the past certain coalmasters have amassed large fortunes partly through oppressing their employees. Doubtless accidents have been partially brought about because the proprietors have neglected to allow sufficient money for the proper upkeep of certain parts of the mines. As with everything else, indeed, there have been good and bad coal owners. In consequence of this Socialists claim that it is the duty of the State to nationalize all the collieries. Now, such an assertion will not bear even the most superficial examination. In the first place, it by no means follows that the Government will be a better master than the private owner. As a matter of fact, it is generally agreed that governments have nearly always been better servants than masters. The State might desire to make unfair profits, as many States of the past have done,

when they have obtained the monopoly of certain commodities. The nationalization of the mines might inflict harm upon the community as a whole through even worse mismanagement than that under bad private owners. Moreover, because some of those owners have abused their heritage, such abuse does not give the State the right to take away that heritage either from the other owners or from the descendants of the offenders. It is, however, the duty of the State to take precautions which will render a repetition of the offences punishable under the code of civil laws. Successive British Governments have enacted such measures not only to safeguard the employees of the proprietors, but also to protect such employees from each other.

At the present time the coal trade is very depressed, and many of those engaged in working the mines have had to suffer hardships. The Socialists claim that, if the collieries were nationalized, there would be no question of profits, therefore the miners' lot would be much easier. It is admitted that the mines as a whole are not paying concerns at the present time, and therefore it is difficult to see how the miners' lot can possibly be eased by nationalization, unless the public pays for the improvement. Moreover, apart from the fact that this pronouncement of the Socialists does not take into consideration the question of losses, it does not follow that the State would run the mines as philanthropic concerns. That is not the practice of Governments. If the mines were run at a loss, then the community as a whole would be called upon to share the burden, but the Socialist Miners' Union claims that all the profits should be shared only by those engaged in the industry. Naturally it is difficult for the average person to reconcile these two things, and he rightly looks upon nationalization with a very sceptical eye.

The truth of the matter is that the State has eased the burdens of the miners by various forms of legislation, and they are more favoured than any other section of the community. Collective bargaining has ensured for the miner a standard of wages which has been determined by the selling price of coal. In other words, the collier has been awarded his share. What he demands at

the present time is not his share, but those of others. If a citizen has any right to profits at all, then surely he has as much right to profit from land with coal underneath it as from land with trees on the top of it, or anything else for that matter.

Extreme Socialists go so far as to assert that man should only profit by his own labour. Upon careful inquiry, however, it will be ascertained that such are not thrifty workers who reserve a portion of their earnings in times of prosperity to tide them over periods of depression. Nor are they citizens who are eager for the advancement of their offspring, but more generally those who look upon the State as the universal provider, and consider that what was good enough for them is good enough for their children. Such are not citizens who make the slightest individual attempt to benefit the community as a whole, but those who only live for the moment. The other class of Socialists assert that men have no right to profit by staple things. They are generally persons who have saved enough to invest in some small property, say two or three houses. These people offer no objection to making profit by the letting of houses, or by utilizing any spare land attaching to them. These Socialists only object to profits when they are other people's.

As we have seen, civil government exists to protect private property, but if the Government in order to prevent citizens making profits from this or that, nationalizes this or that property, then it is acting in direct opposition to its own aims, for it is abolishing the right which it exists to protect. Such an act might be justifiable, but only when it can be clearly shown that it will confer a lasting benefit upon the community.

So with coal. It must be proved that the nationalization of the mines will benefit the community as a whole, and that it is made necessary by remediable causes within the State itself: by unjust wages; unfair profits; general mismanagement; and so forth. In the coal trade such a case has not been made out. On the contrary, it has been clearly demonstrated that much of the present decline is due to causes outside the State. Therefore it is difficult to see how a legislative act which will only have an internal application can possibly remedy

the complaint. The disease has, indeed, been diagnosed, a treatment has been recommended: protection, not nationalization; protection against severe competition by other States. And it is the duty of the Government to legislate to effect the cure.

It will be objected here that the present Government has no mandate from the citizens to administer the treatment prescribed. This objection, however, does not materially affect the case. It is the business of the Government to protect the rights and prosperity of the citizens, and if such a measure would, in their considered opinion, confer a lasting benefit upon the community as a whole and safeguard the rights of the citizens, then the Government is morally justified in introducing it, even against the expressed will of the community as a whole. Physic is often unpleasant, but that must be borne if a cure is to be effected, and neither physician nor patient must flinch from it. Anyhow, in the case of the present Government, it is only restricted from taxing certain foreign products. The imposing of tariffs is only one form of protection, and there is no moral reason why an embargo should not be placed upon foreign products that are competing unfairly with similar commodities produced in this country.

The depression in the coal trade is due very largely to the depression in the trade of one of its best customers, viz. the steel and iron industry. Foreign steel and iron products, made under conditions which compare unfavourably with those obtaining here, are being shipped to this country and the markets flooded with them. Moreover, before we can place our steel and iron products upon the markets of the nations who are invading our markets, we are called upon to pay heavy tariffs, and their products are allowed to enter this country without being burdened with a correspondingly heavy tariff. Since the Government is pledged not to tax these goods, it is necessary that some other form of protection should be enacted, such as an embargo. The effect of such an act would be to regenerate our steel and iron trade, which would then bring its custom to the coal industry, and remove the depression there. The revival of these two key industries would affect practically all others, and a

general improvement all round would quickly manifest itself.

Agriculture, however, would only be affected to a minor degree by such an act. That basic industry requires a special treatment for itself along similar lines to those recommended for coal and iron. At present wheat is being brought into the country in the form of flour. This means that only a very small amount of wheat is milled here, and that under present conditions the British millers cannot produce flour as cheaply as their foreign competitors. Consequently, they are obliged to balance their losses on flour by charging heavy prices for offals, which are scarce owing to the bulk of the flour being milled elsewhere. This places a heavy burden on the farmers. If an embargo was placed on flour, all wheat would then come into the country in its raw state, and not only would the farmers benefit by being able to buy the resulting offals at cheap rates, but also the community as a whole would benefit, because the farmers would then be in a position to effect considerable reductions in the prices of their products. Moreover, it would provide more work for our people in milling corn, and as wheat is of greater bulk than flour, the shipping industry would derive some small benefit. Nor need the price of bread be increased by such an act, as the adjustment between the price of flour and offals could be fixed to stabilize the loaf at its present price.

Such measures as those adumbrated above would not be immediately popular, but when once their effect was felt, the prestige of the Government would be greatly enhanced. If coal and agriculture were nationalized by a Socialist Government, that Government would eventually be obliged to enact protective measures, or, alternately, to subsidize them by burthening other industries with heavy taxation. And this would be the beginning of the end.

The Labour Party Conference

By Trade Unionist

THE Annual Conference of the Labour Party, recently held at Birmingham, was remarkable for many things, not the least being the final purging of the Party of the Communists, and the unequivocal victory of the "platform" over the "left wing" element. Anticipating opposition to the draft Party programme, and anxious that it should be adopted as a whole, the leaders arranged that no additions or amendments could be taken, but only motions to refer back any particular paragraph on specific grounds, and despite indignant protests against such a "travesty of democracy," the Executive had their way, though the debates were punctuated by several lively interludes.

"After a full-dress debate," declares the leading Labour paper, "in which no fundamental difference of opinion was revealed, the Labour delegates adopted with acclamation the Socialist draft programme, *Labour and the Nation*," but an analysis of the speeches clearly shows that fundamental differences of opinion prevailed throughout. Whilst Mr. MacDonald grandiloquently explained that the document "is not merely full of one programme, it is pregnant with programme after programme (a programme of programmes presumably) which will carry out the full Socialist idea and make society respond to the Socialist conception of itself," Mr. Maxton, in a fiery and eloquent speech, declared that it was no programme at all, but merely a thesis of sixty-five articles. Mr. Shinwell, an extreme left-winger, who was Minister for Mines in the Labour Administration, after saying "there could be no definite criticism of the programme from a Socialist point of view," proceeded to describe it as a "bog of words," and suggested that it should be shorn of its verbiage. "I think I would also say," he added, "strip it of its semi-Communist leanings." Mr. Shinwell was immediately followed by a Nottingham delegate, who opposed the whole programme, lock, stock and barrel, on the ground that it contained too much Liberalism and too little Socialism, and Mr. Wheatley regarded it as merely amendments to Liberal legislation.

It is rather curious that the only reference to the now famous Cook-Maxton manifesto came from Mr. MacDonald when he was replying to the discussion. "I

hope," he said, "that Mr. Maxton is not going on fouling his own nest, or trying to keep his own nest clean by making difficulties for some of the rest of us in our own constituencies." "Don't you make it difficult for us!" wailed Mr. Maxton, to which Mr. MacDonald sternly replied: "I never came into it till you started it. Every time these independent and unauthorized manifestos are issued I will stand by my Party."

Not only is the Party split on fundamental issues, but the Parliamentary Labour Party appears to be a house divided against itself. Mr. MacDonald is by no means so popular as we are led to believe.

It was not difficult to detect personal ambition and a tendency to intrigue in many of the speeches. At the Margate Conference two years ago, there was no more bitter critic of the "gradualness" of the Party leaders than Sir Oswald Mosley, and his ostentatious and enthusiastic support of Mr. MacDonald at Birmingham, together with his sharp criticisms of Mr. Snowden's financial policy, makes one wonder whether the ambitious ex-Tory baronet is intriguing to be included in the next Labour Cabinet. He has had ample opportunity to discuss the matter with his chief during their recent tour of the capitals of the Continent. It is known that there is keen rivalry between Mr. Shinwell and Mr. Maxton, both exponents of uncompromising doctrines; but since the issue of the Cook-Maxton manifesto, Mr. Shinwell, who hitherto had made most of the running against the leaders, suddenly changed his tactics. He has made no secret of his antagonism towards Mr. J. H. Thomas, but now he discovers that he "would much rather be associated with the policy of Mr. Thomas than with those disgruntled (left wing) elements who are preventing the Labour movement coming into complete power."

Although the Cook-Maxton manifesto is a dead document and Mr. Maxton has been whipped back into the fold like a naughty boy, the movement that gave birth to the manifesto is by no means dead. According to the manifesto, Messrs. Cook and Maxton "have been seriously disturbed as to where the British Labour movement is being led. We believe that its basic principles are: (1) an increasing war against poverty and working-class servitude. This means unceasing war against capitalism. (2) That only by their own efforts

can the workers obtain the full product of their labour." "We are now being asked," continues the manifesto, "to believe that the Party is no longer a working-class Party, but a Party representing all sections of the community. As Socialists we feel we cannot represent the views of capitalism. Socialism and capitalism can have nothing in common." Except that it was couched in less brutal language than is usually employed by the "reds," it differed little from the aims of the Left Wing movement, which, like the Minority movement, is dominated by the Communist Party and the Third International, those aims being uncompromising hostility to capitalism, no friendly conferences with employers, the complete overthrow of the present system of society, and the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat, directed from Moscow.

So far as one can gather, Mr. Cook is not now a member of the Communist Party, but it is a well-known fact that he holds Communist views, and is a supporter of the Left Wing and Minority movements. His position as General Secretary of the Miners' Federation no doubt prevents him from openly identifying himself with either movement, although it does not appear to prevent him from propagating Communism. Mr. Maxton said (Glasgow, July 9, 1928) that "he was not prepared to associate himself with Mr. Saklatvala, M.P., and other Communists on terms which would lead to his expulsion from the Labour Party. He was only prepared to associate with them on points where they were all in agreement," and (Cumnock, June 25, 1928) that "he was going to take his stand alongside Arthur Cook, and protect him from unfair attacks and misrepresentation." It may be assumed from these statements that Mr. Maxton holds Communist views, and that only his position as chairman of the I.L.P., and Labour member for Bridgeton, prevents him from joining the Communist Party. The Cook-Maxton manifesto was the outcome of the "Socialism in our time" policy, initiated by the I.L.P. last year, and dismissed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as being "based upon inane futilities." Let us examine this wild slogan. The accepted definition of Socialism is the common ownership of the means of production, distribution and exchange, or, as stated in the objects of the Labour Party, "to secure for the producers by hand or

by brain the full fruits of their industry and the most equitable distribution thereof that may be possible upon the basis of common ownership of the means of production, and the best obtainable system of administration and control of each industry or service." Socialism means, then, the nationalization of all industry.

Neither Mr. Cook or Mr. Maxton have deemed it necessary to define "our time" as they understand the term. If they mean their own lifetime, the phrase is very vague. In these uncertain days, they may both die at any time; on the other hand, they may live to be nonagenarians, in which case they may be still asking for Socialism in our time fifty years hence.

Mr. Maxton is one of the intelligentsia of the Labour movement, was at Glasgow University, and is reputed to have an extensive knowledge of economics. Mr. Cook, a graduate of the Labour college, also claims to have studied economics. Therefore, they must both be fully aware that before industry can be nationalized enormous difficulties have to be overcome—the consent of the people, shareholders' and directors' interests, and adequate administrative machinery—and that under the most favourable conditions it would take from five to ten years to nationalize *one* industry. Moreover, no one knows better than Messrs. Cook and Maxton that, even when the industries are nationalized, some time must necessarily elapse before it can be said that a state of Socialism exists.

To Mr. Johnston, M.P., editor of *Forward*, the Scottish Socialist organ, Mr. Maxton declared himself as against both "gradualism" (i.e. constitutionalism) and violence. But what middle course is there ? one feels bound to ask. The student of elementary politics and economics knows that there are only two ways of transferring industry from private ownership to the State: the constitutional method of taking possession by common consent of the people through a democratically elected assembly (Parliament), and by compensating the present owners; and the method of forcible expropriation without compensation. Given consent of the people—and no Government would attempt such measures against their will—the constitutional method is perfectly legal, and could be achieved peaceably, but unconstitutional expropriation is bound to lead to violence and probably civil war.

Messrs. Cook and Maxton are well aware that there is no middle course, and by promising "Socialism in our time," they are either playing the part of political "carpet-baggers," promising something they cannot deliver, or they really mean what they say and are trying to establish a Communist "cell" within the inner councils of the Party to give effect to their revolutionary policy. To say there is no fundamental difference of opinion between the Cook-Maxton faction and the Party leaders is stretching the truth to breaking point.

"The minimum wage," declared Mr. MacDonald, "has been for years, and will continue to be, one of the doctrines of the Party. . . The Party was going to work out a living wage policy, and will not be long in office before giving effect to it." There is no ambiguity about that statement. The doctrine of the minimum wage is to become a legal enactment when Labour secures power. The living wage and family allowance scheme comes from the Independent Labour Party, whose delegates managed to persuade the Margate Conference (1926) to adopt the idea, and to set up a committee of inquiry, to co-operate if possible with the Trade Union Congress, to consider: "What means should be adopted to establish the principle of a living income, the reorganization of industry so that it may yield a living wage, and the part which socialization of the 'key' industries must play in this reorganization, and the order in which these measures should be introduced." The committee was established and a preliminary meeting held, but apart from the appointment of officials, no other business was transacted, and the Executive had little to report to the 1927 Conference. Miss Margaret Bondfield, M.P., chairman of the joint committee, had to report to the Swansea Trade Union Congress that, although during the year the unions were asked to give evidence, the response was so poor that it was necessary to circularize them again, but none of the unions could be induced to come forward with corporate evidence. A further effort was made last July, when three specific questions were put to the union Executives, and she (Miss Bondfield) now had to report that the replies to hand were so conflicting and ambiguous, and representative of so small a minority of the Congress, that the committee could make no specific recommendations at present. Congress referred the matter back for

another year. The I.L.P. at this year's annual meeting, in Norwich, went a step farther by adopting the following resolution: "The provision from State funds of family allowances not below five shillings per week in respect of each child under or of school age, and the establishment by law of a living wage to all workers irrespective of occupation," and attempts were made to foist the resolution on the Birmingham Conference, but without success. "We are in favour of a living wage," said Mr. MacDonald, "and we are going to carry it out, but we must wait for the particular way in which it is to be done, for the decisions of our trade union colleagues." According to Mr. Arthur Henderson, the majority of the Joint Committee of the T.U.C. and Labour Party favoured family allowances, but fearing that trade union negotiations might be prejudiced, they decided to consult the unions. There the matter rests for the time being.

The proposals are that the children's allowance shall be paid to the mother weekly at the post office; that it shall be payable for the children of all insured persons, whether employed or unemployed, and shall continue during strikes and presumably (although it is not specifically mentioned) during lock-outs. As marriage is not mentioned, it is reasonable to assume that legitimacy of birth is not a necessary qualification for the allowance, and to expect a tendency to increase the population, especially amongst the poorer classes if (and when) every child is guaranteed an income of five shillings per week!

The "living wage" is more complex than the family allowance, which could easily be achieved by a simple Act of Parliament. In fixing it for "all workers," the economics of each industry would have to be considered, to say nothing of the varying views as to what a "living wage" is. An Act of Parliament does not change economic laws, and to enact a minimum living wage throughout industry would probably necessitate the subsidizing of fifty or more trades, particularly agriculture; the burden of taxation would increase, and industry would be worse off than ever.

It is proposed that the Labour Party and the Trade Union Congress should set up a commission of its own to translate into actual figures the rather hazy ideas of a "living wage." A future Labour Government would, we are told, when it took office, conduct an inquiry of

its own to supplement the work of the Labour Commission, such inquiries to endeavour to ascertain from medical men and women, experts in housing and education, and practical housewives what scale of expenditure will satisfy the requirements, first of health and efficiency, and then of the cultural life. How charmingly characteristic of these intellectuals who are so anxious to do something for the poor that they do not consider it necessary to consult the actual wage earner!

The proceedings of a living wage commission would at least be entertaining, and the evidence of the doctors, experts, and housewives would be interesting. One can visualize heated and instructive debates between a doctor who pins his faith to the simple life, and the Rt. Hon. Member for Grubbston, who likes to chat about the wine he drinks, the cigars he smokes, and the dinners he attends, as to the merits of nuts, bananas, apples, grapefruit, and cocoa, as compared with beer, beefsteak, and pigeon pie. This would, no doubt, lead to a general discussion on the barest necessities, or whether beer, wine, spirits, tobacco, and other things sometimes regarded as luxuries, should be included. Cultural pursuits wou d also need to be clearly defined. Would cinemas, theatres, dances, whist drives, boxing, racing, etc., be looked upon as "culture," or would cultural pursuits be limited to lectures on eugenics, the value of vitamins, biology, etc., with occasional visits to Shavian and Shakespearean plays and the opera?

Is it suggested that the living wage be equal for the mechanic and the unskilled worker? If so, the mechanic will probably object. If not, then a living wage will have to be fixed for each, and the principle of varying standards admitted. Again, will the living wage in the villages (where living is cheaper) be the same as in the industrial centres? The further one goes into the question, the more difficult it becomes. The needs and desires of the people vary so much that it would, it seems, be necessary to consult each worker separately. Then there are the economics of the plan. Is the living wage to be fixed regardless of earnings? A man earning £10 a week may possibly require less to live on than a man earning, say, £5. How is it proposed to deal with such cases?

Even if a living wage were fixed, there would be the problem of applying it to industry. In prosperous trades

there would be little difficulty (they invariably pay a decent enough wage now), but some fifty or more industries would need to be subsidized, entailing enormous financial burdens. Nationalize the "key" industries, reorganize others, increase output, and organize selling agencies are suggestions put forward; but the reorganization of industry must necessarily mean the elimination of overlapping and wasteful methods, and the speeding up of machinery. This would displace many thousands of workers, and since all industries must be reorganized, redundant workmen could not be absorbed elsewhere. The alternative is to reduce hours, which would increase costs to such an extent as to make it even more impossible for industry to bear the burden of a legal living wage for all. "Inevitably," it is admitted, "there will remain a large body of workers in the unorganized and unorganizable trades and services for whom the Industrial Commission could do little or nothing directly, notably domestic servants, and some categories of clerks, typists, and shop assistants. These, however, would gain at once from the children's allowances, while the general rise in wages would enable them to raise their demands."

The most objectionable feature of the family allowance and living wage proposals is the transference of responsibility from the individual to the State. Men assured of a living wage plus an allowance for children, without the necessity of securing them by merit and individual effort, would have less incentive to self-reliance and initiative, and the tendency would be to stereotype our material civilization at the level of the living wage. Moreover, having once fixed a living wage, the bureaucrats would no doubt want to tell the people what they should eat and drink, and how they shall pursue culture! There is no surer road to "Robotry."

Although primarily a question for the Trade Union Congress, the rationalization of industry—"Mondism," as it is termed—was raised at the Labour Party Conference. It is a curious fact that the supporters of "Socialism in our time," and of family allowances and a living wage, are amongst the bitterest opponents of the attempts to secure peace in industry by the Turner-Mond conferences. Whilst demanding the "reorganization of industry so that it may yield a living wage," they are apparently opposed to discussing the matter with the

employers. The Socialists admit that capitalism is justified as a stage in social evolution; what, then, is the objection to discussing with the representatives of capitalism the rationalization of industry to secure better output and better conditions for the workpeople? Do these brilliant leaders imagine that industry can be reorganized to yield a living wage without consultation with the employers? Despite the opposition, the Birmingham Labour Party Conference followed the lead given by the Swansea Trade Union Congress and endorsed the Mond-Turner discussions.

The advent of rich men into the Party received some attention at the Conference. The rank and file is seething with discontent, not so much because of the numbers of rich men joining the Labour Party as because these men quickly find their way into the inner councils of the Party and usually secure "safe" seats. Much bitterness was engendered by the selection of Mr. Wedgwood Benn as Parliamentary candidate for North Aberdeen. It is thought that someone with more service in the Party should have been chosen, and there is more than a suspicion that national headquarters was responsible for the choice. Writing to the *New Leader* on August 31, Mr. Fraser Macintosh points out that, before the election, he was the nominee of the I.L.P., but subsequently they preferred Mr. Benn to a "candidate of the working class."

The draft Party programme is not without its humour. Under the section, "Democratic Control," appears the following bold statement: "As its opponents are well aware—though, for obvious reasons of controversy, it does not suit them to admit it—it has no intention of submitting the industries of the country to a regime of bureaucratic torpor." This is really a rich joke! If ever a party or movement was heading straight for "bureaucratic torpor," it is the Labour Party and movement. Nationalization, legal living wage, family allowances, all, if enacted, would increase the already swollen number of State officials. As a matter of fact, the logical outcome of Labour Party propaganda is the establishment of that "Servile State" portrayed by Mr. Belloc many years ago, wherein there will be two classes of people—bureaucratic officials on the one hand, and servants of the State on the other.

The puritanical prohibitionists of the Party were

severe with the Executive for their attitude to the liquor problem. Mr. Ammon wanted the Party definitely to declare for local option on the threefold issue of prohibition, reduction of licences, and public ownership and control, in which he was supported by many delegates. But big, burly Fred Montague, M.P. for Islington, vigorously opposed the puritans. Even if it were true that the amount spent on intoxicants averaged 10s. a head, he denied the right of anyone to tell the workers how they should spend their money.

For once, good sense prevailed, and those delightful busybodies who imagine themselves to be the only people capable of judging what is good to eat and drink, and want to order the lives of the workers by legal enactments, were heavily defeated.

Finance worried the Conference very much. The response to the £100,000 "bid for power" appeal has been far from satisfactory, and the leaders are perturbed about it. It will be a sad, sad day for the Party when the treasurer has to "pass the hat" to the wealthy members, but there are more unlikely contingencies than that.

Although the system of representation on the Executive and the methods of electing officials were criticized, no change was made, and the old method of bartering the block votes still obtains. Democracy is a splendid thing—applied to the other man's job—and officials are notoriously conservative in respect to their positions. Indeed, little was changed. Resolutions were passed, "important decisions" were made, the programme was adopted, the Mond-Turner talks endorsed, the unemployment problem discussed, and the present Government vilified.

But, withal, things remain very much the same. Talking and passing resolutions do not alter economic laws. Like the poor, the unemployed will, unfortunately, remain with us, and all the talking in the world will not alter the fact that we are in a deplorable state, industrially, politically, and socially. It is as well to remember that, whilst ideals are very nice and inspiring, we happen to be living in a capitalist system of society, and it behoves us all to get the best we can out of it. Passing enthusiastic resolutions denouncing this and demanding that may possibly give a certain amount of satisfaction to gifted talkers and uneasy consciences, but something more is required to deal effectively with the grave problems which beset us.

Lord Curzon

By J. D. Gregory, C.B., C.M.G.

LORD CURZON was one of the few men of our time who was almost uniformly invested with the main endowments that Nature and the fortunes of life can offer. By all ordinary calculations he ought easily to have reached the summit of worldly power. The interest, even the mystery in his story* is that he did not. He possessed that subtle ingredient of make-up which, independently of privilege and attainments, means automatic success; and he added to his mental ability an imagination which for the majority, either owing to their natural ability or to their innate narrowness of vision, is not the normal concomitant of intellect. Almost from the cradle he conceived himself to have been born in the purple: in that purple he remained enveloped all his life; and one of the causes of his failure was that the purple smothered him. From the beginning his dreams were limitless. They are not explicitly recorded. But the splendour of a Medici, the Oriental brilliance of a Disraeli, and the constructive genius of a Bismarck obviously floated in permanent visions before his eyes. Small blame to him; even all credit to him for the dreams. Yet it would have been better for him himself had he in the long run awoken to a humbler earth; could he have comprehended in youth, as in after-life, that there is no place in our modern firmament for any of his favourite constellations.

His life falls into two almost clear-cut divisions—the period preceding and the period following the year 1905. That year was the fateful turning-point in his career. Whether the sudden change is explicable or not—and there are a variety of explanations—the fact itself is the really important and the dramatic thing in the story. It is the key, if it can be found, to the understanding of the whole.

When he first emerges—and he emerges rapidly—into the public gaze, he appears as an exuberant, sometimes impish, not always imperious and (despite the sobriquet) priggish young man; but exuberance predominates. At Eton and Balliol life-long characteristics are already formed—precocity, humour, the spirit of competition, passion for detail, a craze for letter-writing; and from time to time "airs and graces which seemed" to undergraduate democracy "to verge on the ridiculous."

* "The Life of Lord Curzon." By Lord Ronaldshay. Benn. 3 vols. 21s. each.

He shows already the flashes of genius, the "phenomenal power of rapid assimilation," the fastidiousness of taste, the love of beauty and the devouring ambition which are associated with the whole of his career. His politics, which absorb him to the detriment of his academic work, are fixed once and for all—Conservative, Imperialist, anti-Feminist. Haughty and aloof, he yet has extreme moods of detachment and humility. Unpopular, because an instinct of self-preservation puts him on his guard with strangers, he nevertheless attracts a circle of friends and inspires a genuine affection. His emotionalism betrays a temperament which, if not truly an artistic one, is closely allied to it.

At Oxford falls the first blow—failure to secure a first in Greats; but, despite the bitter disappointment, it becomes an incentive to fresh endeavour. "Now," he comments, "I shall devote my life to showing the examiners that they have made a mistake"; and he adds: "In the public eye I am, of course, stamped with the brand of respectable mediocrity." In this comment is summed the whole of his attitude towards life. But the trip-up is quickly remedied, and his career proceeds on its upward course—All Souls' Fellowship, Lothian and Arnold Prizes, world travel, writing, entry into Parliament. He becomes the *enfant gâté* of groups, literary and social, the Crabbet Club and the "Souls"—those last flickering dilettante protests against the stupid conventionality of the waning century.

Meanwhile he is gradually developing his outstanding talent—that great command of language, in writing as well as in speech, which is his genuine title to fame if nothing else is. His passion for writing assumes gargantuan proportions. From his early paper on General Gordon in the "Oxford Review," right on through life to such remarkable compositions as his report, thirty years later, to the trustees of the National Gallery, covering 149 pages of foolscap; his Memorandum on University Reform, covering 200; or the final contribution to literature in his history of Kedleston Church, his over-full life is punctuated by essays, descriptions, travel notes, disputations and minutes, all of them written in his own hand, compiled with a care and precision, embellished with a wealth of detail, and supported by a cogency of argument and power of expression which can hardly find its equal in contemporary writings. Thomas

Hardy wrote to him, in 1892, congratulating him on his book on Persia: "The amount of labour and enterprise it represents and the value to investigators of the facts acquired put some of us scribblers to shame." "Russia in Central Asia in 1889"; "Persia and the Persian Question" (1892); "Problems of the Far East" (1894), a monograph on his exploration of the Pamirs for which he was awarded the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society in 1896; and "Leaves from a Viceroy's Notebook" (1926), are his best-known standard works. At the same time his thoughts, impregnated with a love of beauty and poetry, were finding expression in wider and more æsthetic realms than the mere collation of geographical and ethnological data. Such literary excursions as his description of sunset in the Indian Ocean (1887), or his appeal, while Under-Secretary of State, to the Amir to be allowed to enter Afghanistan (1894), if they are not masterpieces, are language pictures of a high order. At first his style was frequently spoilt by a bombast, flamboyance, and arrogance which brought down criticism on his head. "Mr. Curzon," wrote the *Spectator* in 1894, "is too apt to follow a rhetorical phrase or an attractive dissyllable. The feeling that he often lets his long words lead him is not one that inspires confidence"; and another journal said of him in regard to his book on Persia: "Mr. Curzon seems to be under the impression that he has discovered Persia, and that, having discovered it, he in some mysterious way owns it." Mr. Labouchere said, in 1891, that he should realize "that he is not a divinity addressing black-beetles when he has to explain the Indian policy of the Government"; and Mr. T. P. O'Connor said of him, in 1897: "Self-confident, ambitious, masterful, hard—he is determined to be a master of men and he will be." With the passing years, the disappointments, the isolation, and the physical pain that descended on him, much of the haughtiness of tone and the bombast dissolved and his style mellowed. The amazing lucidity of his thought and power of expression never, however, deserted him; but he never became a master of men.

It is with India, of course, that the real, the passionate part of Lord Curzon's story begins. India is his romance; and romance in all its aspects: political dreams, artistic beauty, and domestic love. It is when two of these fade and vanish that the light of his own eyes begins gradually

to dim. When the longed for, even asked for, summons comes, he sets out, like a second Æneas Sylvius, full of hope and buoyancy, on his sacred mission, though, alas for him, it does not fall to the brush of a Pinturicchio to immortalize him in the heyday of his enthusiasm. Like that distant prototype, he is doomed to reach the end of his journey heart-broken, disillusioned and petulant, pitifully contemplating a world deaf to his admonitions and blind to his gigantic endeavours.

He had felt the grip of the East during his first voyage round the world in 1887 and in that grip he remained fascinated to the end of his days. "Asia," he said in an address to the Philosophical Society of Edinburgh in 1911, "is like some beautiful spirit whose heavy eyelids seem to be always half closed, and who nods, with a half smile on her face, in a land of everlasting dreams." To that he added, with a fervour hardly surpassed by a St. Bernard, his profound belief in the divine mission of the British race. Our Empire he once described in a speech at Derby in 1895 as a "majestic responsibility." "The pre-eminence of the British as a Colonizing and Governing race," he had said before leaving for India, "no longer remains unchallenged." To take up that challenge became his life-work. It created in him a crusader spirit which took the form of an abiding obsession that Russia was the Evil One that threatened our supremacy, and it determined him to prevent her at all costs from encroaching on the outposts of our Indian Empire. The protection of our unique place in the world, particularly in Asia, was dearer to his heart than anything in heaven or earth; it was more than a "passionate loyalty to the English name"; it was a genuine vocation—and to carry it out no sacrifice either of health, reputation, or fellow-beings was too great. It was largely because there were other views regarding the last element in the proposed holocaust that many of his aspirations came to naught and his policy to no effect. But he was neither a jingo nor a diehard; his admiration for the South African settlement and his approval of the Irish treaty testify to the adjustment of his mind to realities where the fundamental dogma of his creed was not involved. When he became Foreign Secretary, he certainly fretted at the necessary limitations imposed on his action and regretted that diplomacy no longer consisted in the "perpetual shouting of challenges

and waving of flags"; but, despite the temperamental flaw inherent in his manner which constituted a real handicap in personal dealings with the foreigner, and may legitimately be criticized, his conduct of foreign affairs was gradually tempered by a realization of the difficulties attendant on all international intercourse.

India was the land of his Medicean dreams; he was jealous not only of its glories but of its welfare. The Indian soil, the Indian people, the Indian Government were all one to him—they were India. He was their ruler, they belonged to him, and he would brook no interference. With one hand he would humiliate, with the other exalt. The Indian princes he prevented from wasting their substance at Monte Carlo; the Indian people from clinging to an antiquated and inefficient form of education. But the loyalty of the former over the South African war led him to work for the improvement of their military status; and in the interests of the latter he dealt out merciless and startling justice, regardless of indignation roused in the Army, on two notorious occasions where an outrage against natives had been perpetrated. His was a benevolent despotism; not for a moment would he allow that a patriarchal conception of government could ever get out of date.

His magnificence may legitimately be attributed to the same order of ideas. The stupendous Durbar of 1903, of which he planned every detail himself, which was avowedly designed to out-dazzle Lord Lytton's great ceremony of 1877, and which in fact cost the colossal sum of £180,000; the historic fancy dress revels which followed and at which the Viceroy impersonated Lord Wellesley; the reception of Arab chiefs in the Persian Gulf when he caused a gold and silver throne to be mounted on the quarterdeck of his ship; the construction of the Victoria Memorial Hall on a vast scale and at a cost of £550,000, "the finest structure that has been reared in India since the days of the Moguls"; the princely restoration of the Taj Mahal—these and countless other feats of splendour were genuinely performed as much for the exaltation of India as for the glorification of his own Viceroyalty.

Nor will anyone contest the fact that he was a great reformer. His restless mind drove him ruthlessly to attack every branch of administration, fresh delimitation of provincial frontiers, railways, police, irrigation,

agriculture; not a department escaped his mania for efficiency. His insatiable appetite for travelling; his insistence on a satisfactory Afghan policy; his approaches to the Dalai Lama (who so grotesquely dared to defy him); his constant visits to the Frontier States—all this involved an energy and an endurance which would have killed a lesser man. "In less than two years," says his biographer, "he had impressed his personality on the land in a way in which no Viceroy had succeeded in doing in the course of the whole five years of his term of office." But he adds later, "Lord Curzon's Viceroyalty left India a little breathless." Of himself, Lord Curzon said: "I am regarded with mingled bewilderment and pain." Yet it had all been triumphant, successful, upward.

Then suddenly in the midst of this resplendent turmoil something goes wrong. The clock begins to run down. Persistent embitterment in his differences with the home Government over the Russian question, the Persian Gulf, Afghanistan and Tibet; an atmosphere of "chill neglect" from his former colleagues; a tactless speech at Calcutta; growing indecision and irritability; the Kitchener controversy; resignation; the death of Lady Curzon—desolation, followed by aloofness from politics and friends. To this is added gnawing physical disability, weakness of back, insomnia and subsequently phlebitis. But his capacity for work never fails, and, as President of the Royal Geographical, Fellow of innumerable other learned societies and Trustee of the National Gallery, he finds some outlet for his energies. But all the time he grows more querulous, aggressive, litigious, and exacting.

At long last the war ends his enforced retirement; but political resuscitation brings with it a renewal of personal conflict. The history of his tenure of the Foreign Office is coloured throughout by perennial strife with his Prime Minister. Galling indeed it was for him to find a rival establishment on the other side of Downing Street encroaching on his domain and often pursuing divergent aims—above all out of joint with his Eastern policy; and a Secretary of State for India acting on occasion independently of both, while to the bitter end India remained the pivot of his mind. The problems that faced him were prodigious, and he dealt with them in prodigious detail: Anglo-French misunderstandings, the Milner-Zaglul agreement, controversy with the Soviet Government, the negotiations at Lausanne; and in

practically each case, frequently because he was not his own master, initial success was marred either wholly or partially by subsequent disappointment. With all that, he was finding time to write immense autograph complaints about the iniquities of the Hackwood rabbits and personally to engage governesses, cooks, and valets. Small wonder perhaps that the controversialist demon within him got the upper hand, that situations often proved too much for him, that his relations with his own Cabinet were often strangely qualified by vacillation—even by a diffidence so perplexingly out of keeping with his forceful character. Less easy to understand were his two eleventh hour volte-face performances in the realm of domestic politics: his abstention from voting on the Parliament Bill, without warning or explanation, after having advised the peers to vote against it; and his parallel action over the vote on Woman Suffrage after encouraging the Anti-Suffrage League in its opposition and an impassioned harangue on the disasters likely to attend the passage of the Bill. A bewildering commentary on his character; but perhaps, as Emerson says somewhere, " consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

The final tragedy was inevitable, and when the Premiership on which he had set his heart went elsewhere, his cup was full to the brim. He never recovered. Yet from 1905 onwards he seems to have become increasingly convinced that he had his back against the wall, and that every man's hand was against him; and his conviction was constantly well founded. He was misunderstood in all his attributes—his sincerity, his vision, his emotions, his humour, even his affections; and he knew that he was misunderstood. " I suppose one gets what one deserves," he murmured in 1920, bemoaning his treatment as a back number, " and I dare say the fault lies somewhere in me." He was notoriously a man of incredible paradoxes, munificence and stinginess, pomposity and roguishness, defiance and submissiveness. But, despite defects that became more and more glaring under opposition, he clung to his ideals; and to office, possibly because of those ideals. He derived his inspiration, and to some extent his ethics, from the Old Testament; his God was Jawveh, and at times he evidently conceived himself to be a second Joshua empowered to lead the Chosen People to the Promised Land. His pronounced mysticism led him to regard the history of the world as

" the old secular conflict between Ormuzd and Ahriman—between the principles of good and evil—in the governance of men." It was this that largely unfitted him to control the foreign affairs of a nation, since, in the light of his general outlook, it would hardly be an unfair gloss on the above, which is an extract from a speech in the House of Lords, to interpret him as viewing his own race as the subjects of Ormuzd and foreigners, all and sundry, as the servants of Ahriman.

How then is this extraordinary man to be estimated? For that he was an extraordinary man is beyond question. His biographer, in an epilogue, which, in fineness of language and depth of sympathy, is almost moving, leaves us with the impression of a character, noble though full of human weaknesses, tragic and isolated in a world which had totally failed to appreciate him. To a great extent a true estimate must depend on the decision which of the two was at fault: the man or his environment. In intellect, and latterly in judgment, he was, with one of two exceptions, head and shoulders above the political men with whom he differed; in method and habits of intercourse he was inferior to nearly all of them. His deterioration can in part be attributed to perpetual thwarting. His dynamic personality must have a perennial outlet or perish; and his intrinsic strength is proved by his persistent refusal to be overwhelmed by suppressive forces. The irony lay in that *vox clamantis* being so constantly proved right in the end, the others so constantly wrong.

It does not detract from his eminence to admit that his weaknesses seriously qualified his title to nobility. He was neither a Richelieu nor a St. Francis. It is possible to hold a great, and a high place, in this imperfect world without being either. His conceptions of government were unimpeachable; but they were not always tempered by that non-Olympian charity without which uprightness is a cold and barren virtue. It is not our way to depreciate qualities in the great who have passed away; we still require to judge them by standards which satisfy our incurable thirst for moral comfort. A Ludwig might do otherwise. Undeniably Lord Curzon devoted all his soul and all his energies to the good of his country, but the exercise of this devotion from a pinnacle immeasurably above his fellow-beings was hardly calculated to endear him to them. Politically, philosophically,

and psychologically he was steeped in the spirit of the eighteenth century. For those who still admire that sort of mind criticism of him will be detestable; but there are others to whom a simpler and a less ornate being of our own time makes more appeal. That he was infinitely more human than has generally been conceded, and that he evoked real affection in those few who understood him, is clear from Lord Ronaldshay's pages. That he has the right to go down to history as one of the greater statesmen of our period also emerges from the biography. That, had it not been for the obstacles placed in his way by men of inferior ability and vision, he might have become the outstanding political figure in this country, is possible. That he had lofty conceptions of duty and patriotism is undeniable; he could say with truth at the end: "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity." But that he fell short of attainment, whether through his own fault or the fault of others, or through that drag-back of soul which afflicts lesser men than him, is a matter of history. Yet he only just fell short; and though to miss the object of ambition by a hairsbreadth is one of the most grievous torments that any live human soul can suffer, a *proxime accessit*, even, or particularly, where the greatest prizes of life are concerned, is no indication of anything but accidental inferiority. Lord Curzon's *proxime accessit* was of a deeper order, and is largely inexplicable. Maybe his power was only based on that infinite capacity for taking pains which is not genius. Maybe he was predestined from some other angle just not to reach the summit—not merely the political summit. But had he done so, had his magnificent personality been given full vent untrammelled by opposition, he might have fulfilled the promise and regained both the prestige and popularity of his earlier days. Our age is charged with mechanicalism and mediocrity. On no single occasion of his life did Lord Curzon sink to the levels which these words imply. It can but be a matter of national regret that he should never have presided over our destinies.

Lord Ronaldshay has written the story of an enigmatic personality, and he has not underrated the enigma. But with admirable skill and feeling he has thrown on the canvas a picture of which the significant form is unmistakable: and his task was notoriously difficult.

Greece and King Constantine

By Admiral Mark Kerr, C.B., M.V.O.

(Commander-in-Chief of the Grecian Navy and Naval Adviser to King Constantine from August 1913 to January 1916.)

THE "Memoirs" lately published by Prince Nicholas of Greece are of extraordinary interest.* They are written in studied moderation, which is remarkable considering what his country-folk and family have suffered from false statements and malevolent propaganda. But the reward is that his story will carry far more weight from the fair way in which the case is stated, and the absence of vituperation throughout against those who have been responsible for the defaming of his brother's memory and the catastrophe they brought upon his country and people.

I have read almost everything that has been written for and against the policy of King Constantine, and have been struck by the fact that the accusations were made without proof, whereas the defence has always quoted the official documents, telegrams, and White and Blue books which have published the original letters and statements under the authority of the various Governments. Some forged telegrams, directed towards shaking confidence in the Greek King were published in the Allied Press during the war, but were left undenied because the official repudiation of their authenticity was only sent to people of high rank and marked "Confidential."

The French Naval Attaché, one of the principal people who tried to defame the Greek King and his Government, has been ruthlessly castigated by the French Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Dartige du Fournet, in his book, for having told him one thing, and gone behind his back to the Minister in Paris with an opposite tale.

Of the many efforts that this officer staged the most extraordinary was the tragic farce of the Greek steamship "Angheliki." This story is given by Count Bosdari, who was Italian Minister at Athens, in his book of "Recollections." On October 17, 1916, the "Angheliki," which had gone to sea, was turned back by French agents under the orders of their Naval Attaché, and brought into the Piræus. These agents stated that she had been torpedoed

* "Political Memoirs." By Prince Nicholas of Greece. Hutchinson. 24s.

by a German submarine, and many Greeks on board had been killed. An epidemic which caused many deaths in a neighbouring hospital provided corpses, and a great funeral procession was arranged to impress upon the people that their King would not avenge the death of his subjects on account of his admiration for the Germans who had killed them. All the foreign Ministers, with the exception of Bosdari, sent wreaths, and the French newspapers were loud in their abuse of the wicked sovereign.

The same officer also staged another farce, when his agents went into the garden of the French Legation at Athens and fired revolver shots, crying: "Long live King Constantine. Down with France and Britain." The story of the above and the official papers on the subject are also given in "The Tragedy of Greece," by Cosmetatos.

Prince Nicholas shows clearly that the idea prevalent in Europe with regard to the treaty between Greece and Serbia was quite erroneous. In corroboration of this, I may recall a scene which occurred before the war. Late one evening, in the autumn of 1913, I was sent for to go to the house of the Minister of Marine. I found there, besides the host, M. Venizelos and the Minister of Finance. M. Venizelos told me that the situation with Turkey was very bad. He believed that they had an arrangement with Bulgaria to attack Greece, but in any case the Turks had bought two battleships in England, which would shortly be on their way out. The Greek Government had appealed to the Serbs to be ready to come to their assistance if war broke out, but they had replied that the former treaty no longer held good, as it was made previously to the last war, and also gave other reasons why they could not be of assistance to Greece. I was asked my opinion as to what would happen if the Turks did begin operations on the sea, and my reply and an offer I made caused M. Venizelos to say: "Thank you. Tonight I shall sleep for the first time for many nights."

In spite of this, when war did eventually break out in 1914, King Constantine sent an offer, through the Greek Military Attaché at Belgrade, to supply an army to act with the Serbian army against Bulgaria, in accordance with the old treaty. The Serbs replied that they could not spare any men from their northern frontier,

and that they did not believe in the Bulgarian menace. The King sent a second message to say that he was convinced that Bulgaria was tied to Germany, and urged the old combination, and a consultation between the staffs. The reply to this was that Serbia could only supply about a fifth of their quota of troops, according to the old agreement, and these would be new recruits. They were then told that was not sufficient, and it meant that two countries would be destroyed instead of one, if Greece entered the war, and it was added that it was no use appealing to them later at the last moment.

The Prince explains how the Allies wished to bribe Bulgaria to join them by offering them part of Greece and Serbia. This, as may be imagined, caused the greatest consternation in those countries. M. Venizelos declared that the proposal was absurd, and if it were formulated, he would resign. The offer to Greece for compensation, in the shape of large portions of the Turkish Empire in Asia, was of no value to the practical brain of King Constantine, and in corroboration of what Prince Nicholas says in his book, I can state what the King said to me, in words truly prophetic :

"The area of Greece has been practically doubled by the late war. We have not had time to organize the new provinces, and we are certainly not strong enough, rich enough, nor numerous enough to hold a country overseas with the hereditary enemy, the Turk, sitting on the frontier. It would bleed Greece to death."

He recalled this to me at Lucerne at the end of 1920, when he was going back to Greece, and added : "I know the present war in Asia Minor will be disastrous, but I've got to go on with it because Greece has given her word to the Allies to carry out this campaign to uphold their treaty."

The Prince shows very clearly the logical objection which the general staff had against joining in the Dardanelles venture, and in a quotation from his diary he quotes the King as saying: "The way the Allies are trying to do it is wrong. The Straits can never be forced by a fleet alone. It is an enterprise that must be combined by a simultaneous attack by land and sea, and you want a big army—a very big army—to carry it through."

This statement is consistent with the report on the Dardanelles that I, as Naval Adviser to King Constantine, made to him in the beginning of 1914, which began :

"The British Fleet, backed by all the other navies in the world, cannot force the passage of the Dardanelles. This must be a military operation assisted by the navy, for the following reasons. There are seventeen rows of mines across the Dardanelles, and several torpedo-tubes along the shore. These mines must be swept up and the torpedo-tubes destroyed before vessels can pass the Narrows. The mine-fields are protected by many batteries, and the batteries must first be destroyed. These batteries cannot be destroyed by bombardment from outside the mine-fields; therefore the shores must be held by our own troops. Gallipoli must first be taken, and when this is done, it can dominate the Asiatic shore, which can also be held."

It was of no use to take Gallipoli alone. It was also necessary to have sufficient troops to hold both sides of the Straits against the large armies which would undoubtedly have been brought from Constantinople, Smyrna, and other parts of the Turkish Empire. It was also of great importance to give no warning to the Turk as to where the landing was going to be made, and the bombardment by the Allied fleets was a fatal indication of what was to be attempted. The Greek General Staff preferred a disembarkation north-west of the Gulf of Xeros (Saros), because such an operation would cut off Bulgaria from Turkey, and they knew well that Bulgaria would be against them. Bulgaria could not then have attacked Greece, with the large Allied army on her other border. Sir Thomas Cuninghame has shown this very clearly in his articles in the "National Review," which also show how correct were the views of King Constantine and the Greek staff expressed in this book. I can also corroborate what the King said (pages 36 and 37) when I went to see him on September 4, 1914, at Tatoi. It was then that he telephoned to the War Office in Athens to bring the Dardanelles plan up to date, and place it at my disposal for communication to the British Admiralty.

The bargaining between the Allies and Bulgaria went on, and when Greece asked for an assurance that her

territory should remain intact during the war and the Treaty of Peace, if she consented to join the Allies, she was told "that the Powers did not wish to give a formal pledge in so many words, lest the Bulgars should be stirred to hostile action on realizing that the coveted town of Cavalla was lost to them for ever." Can it be wondered that the Greeks were not enamoured with the project, since Cavalla is the key to Salonika?

The Bulgarians claimed that they only wanted Cavalla, not as a step to Salonika, but because they had no seaport of their own. I suggested in the summer of 1915 to one of the British Cabinet that the cheapest form of assuring Bulgarian neutrality, or of finding out if she was a paid enemy, would be to offer to build a harbour for them at the much more convenient place, Dedeagatch, which had a handy railway, as the price of their neutrality, and added, "If she does not accept, you will know that she cannot because she is already compromised."

There is a good account of the Crown Councils that took place in March 1915, and I recollect how the British experts in war matters (including myself) at Athens at that time were relieved when Greece only offered one division to go to the Dardanelles and the Allies made no reply—because communications are vital in war, and if they are cut, the military forces cease to exist. One of the greatest lines of communication of the Allies passed through the Mediterranean, at some places only a few miles from Greek harbours. If these harbours had become bases for enemy submarines, our communications would practically have been cut, and we knew that the Central Powers could have wiped out Greece in two months. A little later in the war we were losing nearly two millions sterling a day in ships and cargoes sunk in the Mediterranean when the U-boats were operating from bases a long way from our line; so it is easy to understand what would have happened had they lived on it!

Prince Nicholas alludes to the stories current in the Allied Press of petrol supplies by Greece to the U-boats. That the U-boats did not and could not use petrol (as I pointed out to the British Minister many times) did not seem to hinder the progress of this slander, and of heavy oil, the fuel they required, there was none in Greece. The French Admiral of Patrols in that part told me toward

the end of 1916 that they had been deceived by their own people in Athens, and he now knew that I had been perfectly correct in my statements that no kind of help had ever been given to any German vessel by the people in Greece. This is borne out by the French Commander-in-Chief, who wrote, "The revelations of the Venizelist Press as regards the revictualling of German submarines in Greece are a tissue of absurd lies."

The machinations of the German Secret Service are shown in this book and the doings of the Allies' Secret Services were sarcastically commented on by a French journal: "It is better not to inquire too closely into the expenses of Germany's agents in Greece. It is money spent uselessly, since their adversaries work so well for them."

When Kitchener went to see King Constantine in November 1915, he expressed to (Temporary) Rear-Admiral Cardale, who was acting for me during my absence, his entire agreement with King Constantine's policy from the opening of the war up to that time. An account of this interview was written to me by Cardale. Prince Nicholas tells us of the King's satisfaction about his conversation with Kitchener.

There is so much of interest in this book that it is difficult to keep a notice within bounds, but it is as well to point out that the Prince explodes the absurd idea that the Greek army in the rear of the Allied forces during the winter of 1915–16 was a menace to them. The opposite was, in fact, the case, as on the occasion when they had to retire before the enemy's attack, the Greek army took charge of the frontier, and let it be known that the enemy troops would not be allowed to follow them on to Greek soil.

Outside some diplomats and the Secret Service, the British people that came in touch with the Greeks were well disposed towards them. I have in front of me a letter from Prince Andrew, Prince Nicholas's brother, written on March 1, 1916, from Salonika. In it he gives many instances of the humiliations to which the Greek troops had been subjected. Here is an extract:

"Another example of this is the seizing of the fort of Karaburnu, at the entrance of Salonika Bay, where the Greek garrison of 120 men was ordered to surrender to a

French force of three battalions of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, two batteries of artillery, two battleships, six destroyers, and four aeroplanes. I am thankful that no British troops took part in this glorious enterprise!! For some reason wholly unknown to us the French, from the moment of landing, have behaved towards us as enemies, and individually are very rude. I am thankful to say that the British do not follow their example, and our relations with your troops, our personal relations, have always been excellent. We may know that the policy of Great Britain is not exactly very friendly to us, but the individual Briton who carries out his orders carries them out as a gentleman should. From the General down to the last private at Salonika they have all behaved towards us with consideration—they have made us feel they are there because they were ordered to be there, and that on the whole they are sorry to bother us."

I quote this private letter because it is typical of the attitude of the Greek Royal Family towards the British.

The forcible landing of Allied troops on December 1, 1916, at the Piræus is well described, and to unprejudiced people the excuses given for it seem to have been anticipated by the Germans when they went into Belgium in 1914. It was brought about by the false reports from the Secret Service; and many others in Athens besides myself were convinced that the Allied Secret Service were being supplied with fables by the *Secret* Secret Service of Germany, who wished to make the Allies quarrel with Greece, as they found it impossible to get the King and his people on their side.

All that the Prince says is authentic history, well written without a show of prejudice, and his facts are founded on official and published documents. Some of the tales are worthy of the Arabian Nights, but the proofs of their authenticity are given. In November 1920, King Constantine said to me at Lucerne: "The British are the fairest-minded people in the world, and when they are allowed to know the truth, they will acquit me."

This book gives our people the opportunity of knowing the truth, and I sincerely recommend them to get hold of it. Then, I am sure, they will not only acquit the King, but give him the praise that is due to a very gallant gentleman.

Roumania

By E. Washburne Wright

WHEN the long expected—and, finally, unexpected—death of King Ferdinand of Roumania took place last summer, an iron shutter dropped suddenly between the audience and the stage. This in itself was sufficient to arouse the most acute curiosity all over Europe—even in midsummer with everyone of importance off on holidays. The Press, caught napping, rose with one accord to the skies and flew with all its might to Bucharest.

The iron screen had not been necessary. They found only a poor dead man no longer young, not at all kingly to look at, with the marks of great physical suffering and an ineffable weariness of life written in deep lines all over his plain face.

Queen Marie in long and flowing robes of black was everything a mourning queen should be. She moved in a striking group of lesser queens—her daughters, the Queen Marie of Serbia, and Elizabeth, ex-Queen of Greece, the Crown Princess Helene, mother of the child king and Princess Ileana—all swathed alike in black, with smothering veils. Prince Carol was absent—and for the moment at least was held by the dying injunction of his father to leave Roumania in peace and gain what happiness he might from a life of his own choosing.

The poor body of King Ferdinand was dragged about Bucharest in the scorching summer heat—with wilting flowers and drooping banners. Priests in stiff robes of gold, like ancient kings, moved majestically under the sweltering Balkan sun, and entering the church performed their picturesque rites, appearing and disappearing behind the golden portals. Above the heat and the incense surged and sank a swelling minor chant, with now and then a single booming voice like the lowest vibrations of a mammoth drum. The humble subjects wept at the passing of a good and modest monarch who had worked hard at his king's job and had sacrificed much personal feeling and happiness in performing his duty towards a people not of his own race.

King Ferdinand was left in peace at last with the other quiet kings in the dim church—under the dome like a golden bubble—with the flags, and the dead flowers, and the drifting mist of incense.

"Long live King Michael!"

This little boy of five was hurried from the mountain capital in the Carpathians to Bucharest, to be proclaimed King of Roumania. He entered the great assembly hall holding fast to the hand of his mother, the ex-Princess Helene of Greece and erstwhile consort of the fickle and effervescent Crown Prince Carol.

For a moment everything genuine in that vast assembly responded. This young and beautiful woman—a princess without a country—a deserted wife—robbed of her rights to be a queen—came before them very white and still, leading her child by the hand.

There was perfect silence; something inexpressively moving, something true was in their midst at last. Men were weeping in perfect unconsciousness, the tears streaming down their cheeks. The dissension and jealousy, the eternal discord and strife vanished. The air became charged, tense, vibrant. The great concourse surged to its feet and in a thundering roar acclaimed their new king.

"Vive le Roi!" Again and again.

King Michael in his white sailor suit clutched his mother's black veil terrified. Then, as bidden, he rose and gravely saluted his subjects.

The curtain dropped once more.

But what really is Roumania? We crossed the frontier last summer early in the morning before the sun was up. The train was left on a siding and there seemed to be not a sound in the world. Then there began a prodigious twittering of birds in the darkness. Vaguely the day began to break. All of a sudden there was trouble in the east and a red and angry sun came bursting over the horizon. The whole world was instantly illuminated.

We looked about curiously at Roumania. There was our train waiting on the tracks and beside us a low white plaster station. All about was a wide-stretching field of maize as far as one could see. The leaves of the maize stood up like spears, perfectly straight and still. Then our eyes fell upon three peasants in dirty white tunics who stood motionless staring at the train. They seemed to have been standing there all night waiting for the day to come. There was a flag drooping very low before the station. It might have been a painted flag. It hung

perfectly limp—red and orange and black—hot colours. Then we remembered King Ferdinand was dead. An official hand had reached all the long way from Bucharest to lower the flag over the station door.

It took us all that day to reach Bucharest. The maize stretched about us in wavering billows like the sea. It was ripening fast in the heat. The brown wheat was being stacked. Nature was humming and summer coming to a close. Nowhere in the world are there so many white geese as in Roumania. They paraded slowly in orderly ranks beside the train, stretching long necks in agitation, but keeping step like soldiers. There were white oxen dragging primitive ploughs, and the peasants bent double, scratching at the earth with what looked like old crooked sticks. You wondered what they were thinking about. Their faces were scalded a curious dark red, suggesting the Turk.

It would be hard to find a country more peaceful to look upon than this land of Roumania. Yet in all the history of the past there is no country which has been so torn and tormented with passionate strife and turmoil. The Visigoths, the Turks, the Slavs, Turanians, and Huns, and tribes the very names of which have been forgotten, fought and bled in these same fields stretching so tranquilly about us in the summer sun. Roumania is a veritable page torn from ancient history. Her name she claims from the Romans, but she was wrested from them by the Greeks. The Turks descended upon the Greeks and Roumania for three centuries was vassal to the Turk. The peasant has by rights his red and parboiled look because he is part Turk; his straight nose, when he has one, from the Greeks; and his unstable and light ways, when he moves to the capital, because of his Latin ancestors.

It is problematical if a people with the mixed blood and tradition of so many different races can ever be welded into a stable nation. Nevertheless, whatever there is to be of national life and permanency must rest with the peasant in the fields, working today so laboriously with his white oxen and his strange wooden tools. These were the pawns who laid down their lives in the last great conflict and who will fill the ranks of the potential armies of the future. With them rests the building of a

nation—not today perhaps—but ultimately, if they be given the chance.

Certainly the powers that rule in Bucharest can never produce a true national spirit. Bucharest seems but a stage upon which—for the most part—imported actors play their rôles. It is not high drama either that is enacted in Bucharest, but the drama or melodrama rather of the film play, making its appeal to what is least lofty in human nature. A veritable Hollywood erected in the heart of the Balkans against an unconvincing and artificial setting.

Nothing in Bucharest is real. The marble palaces and public buildings are made of stucco. Everywhere the plaster is peeling from the bricks. If you lean too hard against the landscape, it is likely to be canvas and give way. It seems like the magic cities that spring up overnight in world fairs and expositions—white and dazzling one day and a heap of ruins under the first heavy rain.

The crowds that surge all day long and far into the night up the main thoroughfare are not convincing crowds—but like the hired mobs and choruses of the theatre. The Calea Victoriei is a typical stage street. There is no beginning or end to the procession that pours through the narrow passage. It goes round and round, making its exit from one side of the stage to appear again from the opposite wings. Roumanian officers with tapering waists, gipsy girls with baskets of flowers, fruit vendors, painted women in victorias, motor-cars perpetually tooting, boys selling papers—it is an endless procession repeating and repeating itself like the groups in a merry-go-round that circle continuously until the crank stops turning and the lights go out.

This is Bucharest—and in leaving one experiences the exact sensations of leaving the heat and artificial lights of a theatre at the close of a matinée. One draws first a deep breath of fresh air, blinks hard at the daylight, and gradually adjusts one's mind to the plain reality of everyday existence.

But the play in Bucharest is not ended. Even now the scenes are being shifted and new actors are advertised to appear. The chancelleries of Europe have reserved front seats. At any moment the curtain may be rung up.

The Future of the Ecclesiastical Courts

By W. Marshall Freeman

THERE is a widespread feeling in the Church of England that one of the tactical errors the bishops and their advisers have made in regard to the Prayer Book controversy was in submitting the Deposited Book a second time to the judgment of the House of Commons after its first rejection instead of suspending for the time being the effort to secure acceptance of the measure, and bringing forward in the meantime their proposals for the reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts. This feeling is shared by clergy and laity in all the parties—high, broad, and low—into which Church opinion is divided. Very various views are held, it is true, as to what shape the courts should take in the future; but Anglo-Catholic and Evangelical alike will be found in complete agreement as to the desirability of facing this question before any fresh move is made. Indeed, there is a strong feeling abroad that the bishops would be wise to address their attention to this problem even before they make any concerted move in the direction that appears to be contemplated by the calling together of synods of the diocesan clergy now (at the time of writing) proceeding in all but a very few dioceses.

Amid all the tumult of argument over Prayer Book Revision one factor has been effectively at work amongst the laity (and emphatically amongst members of the House of Commons). There is an ineradicable feeling that no settlement of any sort is possible unless and until some assurance is forthcoming that thereafter *discipline* will be maintained in the Church; and the maintenance of discipline must ultimately rest, in a Church allied with the State as the Church of England is allied, upon the power to enforce obedience to the law. The Ecclesiastical Courts have long since ceased to function except in regard

to matters that standing alone do certainly not justify their continuance as distinct from the Civil Courts; on all hands it is recognized that this state of things cannot go on indefinitely. What, then, is to be done—and why is it not done?

How many people are there outside the Church Assembly who know that in April 1926 there was published a report ("C.A. 200") drawn up by a special committee appointed by that Assembly to consider the whole question of the future of the Ecclesiastical Courts? Not only so, but a measure has been in draft form for a long time awaiting submission, together with the report, to the Assembly. Why has the subject been postponed? Can it be doubted that, had reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts preceded the attempt to reform the liturgy of the Church, a wholly different attitude might have been adopted toward the latter by the House of Commons? One possible explanation of the postponement is that the authorities exercising influence in the councils of the Church at the present time are only too conscious of the danger they would be running were they to press forward the proposals contained in the "C.A. 200" report. It is well known that Dr. Lang, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, exercised a dominating influence in the shaping of that report, the underlying *motif* of which is the further elimination of lay judges and the substitution of more clerical control over the procedure and decisions of the courts. Some idea of the nature of the current of thought engendered in the minds of the majority who signed the report may be gathered from the pointed reservations subscribed by the Bishop of Durham. As a member of the Committee he dissociates himself from the suggested new Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal (which is to be substituted for the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as the final court of appeal for matters ecclesiastical), and describes that proposed tribunal thus:

> Such a court as . . . appears to me quite incompatible with the Royal supremacy as it has been hitherto understood in England, and, indeed, only to be defended on the medieval assumption of the spiritual incompetence of laymen as such.

He goes on to make the following plain comments

which undoubtedly will find an echo in the House of Commons:

> I do not see why the Book of Common Prayer and the Thirty-nine Articles should be excluded from the view of the court, nor yet why questions, which, in the opinion of the court itself, are governed by the plain language of those crucial documents, should yet be referred to the Archbishops and Bishops for decision. I do not perceive any purpose or value in the possession of written standards, if even their plain language may be overridden by a majority vote of the hierarchy, nor can I bring myself to think that the substitution of ecclesiastics for judges as the final interpreting authority of the Anglican standards is likely to serve the interests of justice.

This, however, is not the only report that needs to be studied on this subject. The Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Courts whose report was published in 1883 made numerous recommendations, many of which were endorsed in the report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline published in 1906. More important still, in some aspects, is the report of a Commission of Inquiry into the Property and Revenues of the Church set up by the Church Assembly itself. This came out in 1924, and it deals very fully with the cost of maintaining the existing legal machinery of the courts. As to this there can be no two opinions. The whole system upon which the Consistorial or Diocesan Courts are based, and the methods by which the Chancellors are paid by fees derived from marriage licences, faculties, and other legal business of which 90 per cent. is pure formality are a scandalous anachronism. The plurality system under which these chancellorships are held—five, six, and (in one case) no less than seven being held by one individual—is a standing disgrace to the Church. What would be said of a Clerk in Holy Orders permitted to hold half-a-dozen livings, and at the same time to be earning a substantial income by preaching sermons? It is not easy to see why the Church which forbids clerical simony should allow a barrister in full normal practice to monopolize half-a-dozen well-paid chancellorships. The very existence of such a state of affairs of itself proves that the office is more or less of a sinecure, since otherwise no one individual could possibly be equal to the duties attaching to six such offices! The truth of the matter is, of course, that the Diocesan (Consistorial) Courts have almost

ceased to function; only upon the rarest occasions is a Chancellor called upon to hold a court. The Commission on Church Property and Revenues in their report of 1924 referred to the "unseemly competition" for the proceeds of marriage licences that was then going on, and proceeded to make suggestions for dealing with the Chancellors:

> The range of emoluments received by Chancellors is wide, but with one or two exceptions the sum received is by no means excessive. We think, however, the payment of a fixed sum by way of honorarium out of the Diocesan Fee Fund is a more suitable method of remuneration, and we recommend that this be done, the emolument to be not less than £100 nor more than £300. The fact that it is possible for one individual to hold an almost unlimited number of provincial or diocesan offices is, of course, capable of abuse. . . .

So it would seem that the Church might very well begin to tackle the subject of reforming her courts at the bottom. The existing system provides for (*a*) the Diocesan, and (*b*) the Provincial Courts. There are only two of the latter, one for the Province of Canterbury, the other for the province of York. At present one and the same judicial personage presides over both. To his court appeal lies from the Diocesan Courts in their respective province. Above the Provincial Court sits the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council—the King in Council—the oldest and most august judicial body in the world. So the machinery is there. What is wanted is a thorough cleansing of the inferior courts. The Diocesan Courts might be reduced to a fourth of their number—one Chancellor for four dioceses would be ample—whilst three judges of high standing should sit in each of the Provincial Appeal Courts. These, then, with the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as the highest court of all, would provide the Church with a judicial system that should meet every reasonable need.

But the real difficulty that lies in the pathway of reform and rehabilitation is one of sentiment. A large section of the clergy demand what they term a "spiritual" court presided over by "spiritual" personages. They demand (as the Bishop of Durham indicates in the quotation already given from his minority report of 1926) the exclusion of all so-called "doctrinal" questions from the purview of courts presided over by lay judges!

Let the reader consider the following: it is in the very report that the Bishop of Durham is dissenting from:

> Theological thought is a living thing, and the interpretation of doctrinal formularies must needs be affected by the movement of the living mind of the Church. Ritual and ceremonial are subjects on which research, historical and liturgical, is continually throwing new light. Thus the statements and arguments of judges must be open to reconsideration in the future by their successors. . . . We also recommend that the existing decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, especially those relating to questions of doctrine, ritual, or ceremonial, should be open to reconsideration, both as to the conclusions reached and as to the grounds and arguments on which those conclusions were based.

But to adopt such a principle would be to abolish all law in the Church and to replace it by episcopal decisions varying in every diocese and upon every occasion —in a word, continuity would give place to chaos!

The state of mind that can demand a perpetual churning-up of questions judicially decided upon appeal must be a state incapable of grasping the elementary distinction between a legislature and judiciary; it is strange, indeed, to find a body of opinion so erratic in a Church which has succeeded in obtaining the degree of legislative freedom that the Church of England now enjoys in its own Assembly. If that Assembly is to secure still greater powers—and there are many earnest Churchmen who see in that direction the one and only alternative to complete severance from the State—its members must be prepared to assist in rehabilitating a judicial system by which its own laws may be interpreted with the same cold impartiality as are the civil laws of this realm of England, in which the Church is equal partner with the State and the King supreme governor of both.

Lord Hugh Cecil and Divorce

By the Rev. Dr. Geikie-Cobb

LORD HUGH CECIL seems afraid that the views on marriage expressed by the Rev. Hugh Chapman may lead to laxity in practice, and as an antidote he prescribes rigidity—a rigidity which is prohibition. The class of mind which has little belief in the power of reason and a crude belief in compulsion is known to older history as Pharisaism, and to later as Puritanism. And its root is that spiritual pride which dislikes God's fettering of spirit by matter, and proceeds naïvely to ignore or even maltreat the phenomenal in the vain hope of thereby fortifying the spiritual. In the Middle Age the Catholic Church was compelled to fight the Manichæan Churches, and the result was an infiltration of the Manichæan spirit into Catholicism, which has ever since acted as a poison enfeebling the Christian spirit in Catholic circles, and in the Puritans of these latter days, who are, if closely inspected, the lineal descendants of monasticism.

The historical poisoning of the wells of genuine Christianity is the explanation of the curious fact that good men are inhuman when they approach the matter of marriage and divorce. They dispose airily of other people's sufferings by quoting texts, repeating obsolete formulæ, taking things for granted, and generally ignoring the conditions of human life and the teachings of history. Those who admire the sturdy individualism and the fine intellect of Lord Hugh Cecil are sorry to see his gifts of character and intellect enlisted in making the worse appear the better reason. That they are so enlisted is made abundantly clear by his remarks in the November number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW on the indissolubility of marriage.

He begins by quoting the alleged authority of Jesus as witnessed by St. Paul, St. Mark, and St. Luke; with a side-reference to St. Matthew. With Bishop Gore he admits that the clause "saving for the cause of fornication" is a gloss, but it does not occur to him that the

whole within which the gloss is found may be itself a gloss, in the sense of an unauthentic report, an attribution to Jesus of what His reporters thought He ought to have said. The fact that Mark x, 12, is such a gloss should inspire more caution in those who only rely on proof-texts.

Further, Lord Hugh Cecil speaks as if the parallel passages in the Synoptics which purport to deal with divorce reflect the concurring witness of "the Roman Church, the Grecian Churches, and probably also the Church of Alexandria." They do nothing of the sort. The clauses in question are part of the so-called Triple Tradition, and show by their similarity that they rest on some one single authority which they all quote; and it is even probable that St. Matthew and St. Luke are merely copying from St. Mark. But this settles no question. We are still in the dark as to the trustworthiness of the witness all three are relying on. And when we remind ourselves that Jesus never, outside these passages, laid down any law, but always appealed to eternal truths, we may feel pretty certain that between what He actually said and what stands written something has gone wrong. A legalizing spirit from surrounding Jewish or Hellenistic schools has crept in to destroy the liberty wherewith Christ had made men free.

Lord Hugh Cecil's appeal to St. Paul is even less justifiable. St. Paul had said that the wife should not desert, the husband should not divorce (the parenthetic clause in 1 Cor. vii, 11, is a manifest interpolation). He then goes on to say that in the case of a marriage between a Christian and a non-Christian, if the latter choose to desert his or her partner, the former was no longer bound, which evidently implies freedom to remarry. The Catholic advocate in pleading for his peculiar doctrine of indissolubility gets over this snag by calling it "the Pauline exception." Were he more open-minded, he would remember that "the exception proves the rule" by affording a test of its validity, so that, if the exception be a real exception, it proves that the rule is faulty, and must be amended. And this is exactly what should be done in the case before us. Lord Hugh Cecil says modestly enough that he is "an unlearned person and that he may

be wrong." I think he is demonstrably wrong in so far as his conclusion is vitiated by too hasty a trust in his premises; but if he really regards himself as an unlearned person his state is the more gracious, since it is only those who put their heads before their hearts who fail to understand the implications of Christian marriage. And it may be added, before we leave St. Paul, that all that he meant when he said that it was not he but the Lord who was exhorting the married, was that he found this as a saying of the Lord in some current collection of his Sayings, probably that now known as Q.

But it is not much use fighting in the subdued and murky twilight of proof-texts, and I suspect that Lord Hugh Cecil himself is as glad to get out into the open as I am. Proof-texts prove nothing which really matters, and so far as the matter in hand is concerned, they are of no value whatsoever, as the late Archdeacon Watkins sadly admitted in his book on "Holy Matrimony" when he was dealing with the proof-texts of St. Matthew. Yet he was as rigid a stickler for the indissolubility of marriage as Lord Hugh himself. None the less, the latter can say without any qualification whatsoever:—

> As it is recorded, whether in St. Mark or in St. Matthew, this revelation (that made by Jesus) declares that according to God's original purpose in creating two sexes, He meant that marriage between the two must be indissoluble. Every sexual relation except marriage, is, we know, and our Lord's audience knew, immoral. . . . Our Lord taught in the most explicit way that only indissoluble marriage was innocent, and that if a marriage was dissolved and a new relation entered into, that relation was not marriage, but adultery.

Now the astonishing thing about this declaration is not so much its pontifical manner as the confusion of thought which runs through it, and so deprives it of all value. I have already entered a demurrer against the hazardous assignment to Jesus of the texts referred to. If that demurrer be accepted, the bottom is knocked out of the argument for indissolubility as stated. But this is far from all.

Lord Hugh Cecil is quite within his rights in recognizing a God-appointed fact, in the reference by Jesus to the duality in sex, but he is wrong in twisting this reference into a law that when one individual of the one sex marries another of the other sex, there is necessarily involved

indissolubility. It is simply a statement that marriage rests on sex, and that nobody has the right to interfere with the primary relation of the man to the woman. Yet, as John Selden said, "of all actions of a man's life his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life 'tis the most meddled with by other people." And this meddling flows directly from the principles which Lord Hugh Cecil has too hastily adopted.

But this again is not all. Lord Hugh unfortunately has not attended to the maxim, *Dolus latet in generalibus*, or he would have abstained from lumping together under the one term, "marriage," the differing and sometimes contradictory kinds of marriage with which every thoughtful person is familiar. Does he make no distinction between the marriage of the young Australian soldier who, after a week of married life, sails off to his home leaving a woman, with or without a child, to fend for herself, and the marriage of two God-fearing members of the Society of Friends? Does an equal indissolubility attach to both? Is such a perfect union as that, say, of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, to be ranked alongside that of another couple where the one is a drunken brute and the other a beaten wretch? Again, we ask, What man of decent feeling would say that the two marriages are at all events alike in being indissoluble? It is the fashion, I know, to dispose of all cases of hardship by the bland remark that law, being necessarily a rough and ready method, can take no account of hard cases; but the person who makes law his idol might be asked to remember that the case is somewhat altered when it is bad law itself which makes the hard cases.

Moreover, Lord Hugh Cecil, in common with other Catholics, does not trouble himself with the task of finding out in what the essence of marriage consists. It seems difficult to believe, but Catholic practice, and the words of Lord Hugh himself, suggest that the Catholic doctrine is that marriage is constituted by the sexual act itself. According to that doctrine a marriage is no marriage until consummated, and can be, therefore, judicially declared null and void. But logically this would mean that every irregular union constitutes a marriage, and this is absurd. Here, no doubt, I should

be reminded that it is an accepted axiom that *consensus facit matrimonium*, and that it is this consent plus the sexual act which makes the marriage. To this it may be said that if consent is so important, and the consent is admittedly an act of the individual, then, when good reason is shown, the consent may be withdrawn. No, it will be said, that will come too late, for the occurrence of the sexual act has conferred indissolubility on the marriage. And so we are once more back to the carnal view of marriage to which Catholics are in the last resort tied hand and foot, however much they may disguise their slavery by such references as Lord Hugh's to 1 Cor. xiii.

Of course, it may be now pointed out that marriage is a still more complex thing than is covered by the sexual act and consent—although Lord Hugh does not give the slightest hint that he sees the complexity—that it ordinarily is a contract as well. This means that, until the contract is entered into, most people would say that no marriage is there at all. In other words marriage to common sense is a legal institution for certain specified purposes, and in the compound which marriage is, the legal contract is the most important factor. But at law contracts may be voided by consent, and then where is the indissolubility? "Ah!" says the opposer, "there still remains another arrow in our quiver. Marriage is all you have said, but it is more and greater: it is a sacrament." But so is everything. "Alles vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis." "Yes," is the retort, "but this is a sacrament setting out Christ and His Church." "No," we rejoin, "that is an analogy, not a sacrament, and a heretical Gnostic analogy at that. Moreover, in a sacrament the outward and visible part is of the world of change; it is the inner alone which is capable of permanence. How, then, can you talk so glibly of indissolubility in a region where it is barred out by the nature of things?"

To what does all this tend? To a thoroughgoing revision of our current judgments about marriage; a greater and saner emphasis on its sanctity, its potential bliss, its equally potential agony, the care with which it should be entered upon, the lofty qualities it demands,

the unique educative discipline it affords—and the crying need for an extension of the legal grounds for divorce in the interest of marriage itself. Reference has been made to Mr. Bertrand Russell. If Lord Hugh Cecil will pursue his researches, he will come across (in "Sceptical Essays") the just remark that the fanatic in redressing some evil succeeds only in introducing a greater evil. And one serious result of the strangle-hold on our foolish and barbarous laws which Puritanism has achieved is that more and more unions are being entered on in every class of society, under an honourable sense of responsibility, but without the sanction of law. You cannot vilify those who are so acting as living in sin; the sin lies with those who actively or passively resist all attempts to Christianize our marriage laws. It is they on whom the blame for such unions must rest, and hence Lord Hugh's dictum that "every sexual relation except marriage is immoral" can only be read in the spirit of Socratic irony. Multitudes of morally minded persons, be it said, have been driven into those unions, who resent the obstacles put gratuitously in the way of what they call an honourable union by our existing fatuous laws. Such unions are undoubtedly an evil, and should be made unnecessary as soon as possible; but the greater evil lies with those who cannot read the signs of the times, and, let me add, who so sadly misread the spirit of Jesus, and let themselves be blinded by an effete tradition.

I can gladly go with Lord Hugh Cecil a certain distance. Not all marriages are indissoluble. There is, however, one, and unhappily not the largest class of marriages, to which the note of indissolubility inevitably and for ever attaches. That is the kind of marriage of which alone we can truly say that it was made in heaven. Such a marriage comes when soul meets its kindred soul—its other half in Platonic language—when the divine spirit in the one rushes out to the divine spirit in the other, when all it asks for is the privilege of serving its companion, and of sharing in the high and holy task of growing by joint endeavour into one perfect man. When 1 Cor. xiii is read to the rest, it proclaims an ideal; when to such married people, it states a fact.

Such marriages are alone entitled to be regarded as

Christian; all others are makeshifts. And to the marriage of true souls our existing laws, especially when they are reinforced by the spirit of the Hard Church, offer gratuitous and wicked obstacles. When a marriage entered into hastily has suffered shipwreck hopelessly, a place should be left for a fresh trial; and it may be added that experience shows that most often the second marriage after a divorce is higher and happier than the first. Nor need any timid person fear that frivolity will ever rule in the making of the new marriage. The history of the experiments in legislation for marriage in Scotland and the Scandinavian countries, to name no others, gives the lie to all pessimistic prophecies made by those who look backward for fetters for other people, and lack courage to trust to the future, to the Spirit of God working for the Kingdom, and to the essential goodness of human nature. A petrified marriage is no marriage, and when the marriage favoured by Catholic obscurantism is set out in its naked hardness, it reveals itself as not alive with the freedom of the spirit, but ossified by the hardness of men's hearts.

The Crusade Against Noise

By Dan McKenzie, M.D.

AFTER a long and patient endurance of the ever-increasing din of modern life, the public are at last beginning to demand its abatement. At least, if the newspaper outcry of the last few months can be taken as an indication of outraged public opinion—and for once I believe it can—this grievance is approaching the limits of tolerance; and "something will have to be done."

The trouble is, in reality, a matter of public health—of mind at least, and sometimes even of body. Life these days is becoming noisier and noisier, and there are very few places exempt from the disturbance. Of our cities and their reverberating streets there is no need to speak; they do so for themselves "with most miraculous organ." But even in remote, secluded country places, in the "depths of the country," as the phrase runs, this intrusive impertinence pursues us and will take no denial.

For long the nuisance has been treated as more or less of a joke; for, however annoyed the victim may have felt at the moment, he might confidently rely upon silence coming "like a poultice . . . to heal the blows of sound." But, as things are nowadays, interludes are becoming fewer and more brief, and silence, like all other cures, requires time to produce its effect.

From our cities in particular the noise-maker is never absent, and the callousness with which he showers his blows upon our hearing betokens little or no imagination or sympathy. But one must not be ungenerous. It is a curious psychological fact that he who causes uproar is seldom disturbed by it. You can see this paradox in full blast in any nursery where trumpets and drums are provided.

Further, as is but natural, it is the *genus irritabile*, the solitary worker, the writer, the poet, who is most easily upset by racket, and being peculiarly fitted by Nature to give rein to the irritation that possesses him, he responds in a manner peculiarly his own, whereat, as there is always something comical about unmeasured invective, the world laughs. After all, of course, few of us are Carlyles and can see (or hear) a carpenter "break the decalogue in every stroke of his hammer."

For such reasons, the public hitherto have shrugged shoulders over complaints and have let the matter slide.

But the noise goes on, and it goes on getting louder and louder, and more and more prolonged. And, by malignant fate, one individual after another is, as it were, picked out from the crowd for special and particular attention by this modern fiend.

You are lying awake at night listening in the darkness, with that expectant intentness that constitutes its torture, to the tram surfacemen cutting through a steel rail with the cold chisel, the sharp, shrieking ring of each blow echoing through your brain like a recurrent pang of physical pain. . . . What is the use of bothering? The repairs must be done at night and finished in time for the resumption of tomorrow's traffic. What the sleepless man, however, is made to realize is that the repair is being effected at his own personal expense.

Or you are in your office, trying to work out for an architect or contractor a long and involved bill of costs, carrying in your mind five or six separate and yet related items, when suddenly your concentration upon the problem is dispersed by that most recent invention of the devils of din, the automatic street-drill breaking through concrete, and you know your calculations will have to wait a bit. After all, of course, the water-mains must be renewed. But whoever stops to ask who it is that is paying the most for this new labour-saving contrivance?

There is no need to multiply instances of the wasteful effects of noise, since nowadays, not only the Carlyles but the men and women of the everyday world are being daily and, what is worse, nightly victimized by what is, when all is said and done, a stupid and unnecessary disturbance.

The usual feeling—we have all experienced it—that all we have to do is to be patient and the trouble will pass and leave no ill-effect, is, of course, a mistake. To begin with, the trouble, as we have already said, does not pass; it merely assumes another form. And, in the second place, it does induce ill-effects, since it induces nerve fatigue with all the curious, disconcerting, and even at times disastrous consequences of that state of mind.

This is not exaggeration. Ask the signalman who has just been promoted from a quiet country signal-box to one

of the sequence guarding a busy London terminus what he feels like at the end of his first day.

Noise, in a word, spells weariness, as anyone can prove for himself.

The simplest method of doing so is to observe the effect upon mind and body of an ordinary railway journey of ten or twelve hours' duration. In most normal people, arrival at the destination is associated with a peculiar, characteristic lassitude, which, considering the lack of incident and exertion during the day, is difficult to account for. People vary, no doubt; some experience little or no fatigue, while others are quite overcome, and may not fully recover healthy tone for a day or two.

Its cause, however, is perfectly simple and straightforward. The fatigue is nerve exhaustion, induced by long exposure to the noises of a moving railway train—that is to say, to incessant and excessive stimuli inflicted through the auditory nerve upon the brain. Any prolonged over-stimulation of a sensory (or afferent) nerve of any kind will produce the same or similar symptoms.

That this is the explanation is shown by the following considerations. First of all, one does not experience the same exhaustion after a long motor run. Secondly, people who are deaf escape it entirely. And thirdly, if the traveller will take the precaution of blocking the ear-passages (the external auditory meatuses) with efficient obturators, he will arrive at his destination relatively fresh. The obturators do not, to be sure, exclude all the loud and noisy sound-waves, but they shut out enough to obviate the usual exhaustion.

The effect of long-continued stimulation of a sense-organ in inducing brain-weariness has long been known to mankind. Is there not a Chinese torture that consists in letting water fall drop by drop upon the head until the victim goes mad?

In the ordinary way, when a loud sound falls upon the ear, the stimulus transmitted to the hearing nerve-centres overflows these and is distributed among a large number of others, in response to which the muscles of the body suddenly contract and we "start" at the sound. If, however, the loud sound is anticipated, or becomes recurrent or continuous, the "start" is inhibited, but not without the expenditure of nerve-energy, until—sooner in sensitive,

and later in stolid people—the subject becomes wearied and irritable, with what effect upon his work we require no Carlyle to tell us.

Noise, then, brings fatigue, and the louder and more prolonged the noise, the greater the fatigue.

This physiological fact has of recent years found thorough appreciation in factory life. Professor Spooner and other investigators have been able to prove that employees manning noisy machinery are more quickly tired out than those in quieter surroundings, and, as a result of the fatigue, their attention wanders and their work deteriorates. Indeed, it has been shown that factory noise has to be paid for, that it is uneconomical; and now engineers are busying themselves with the production of noiseless machinery, or with the invention of silencers for damping the sound of machines inherently strepidous.

But surely it is an inconsistent, a one-sided economy that seeks to banish noise from working surroundings and yet permits it to rage on unchecked around the worker in his home or at his play, and what we are demanding now is that those quieting influences shall be extended also to our streets and homes.

There is, however, no need to waste time in forcing an open door. That this harmful plague is too prevalent is now admitted and deplored by everyone. What we are really concerned about is how best to abolish it, or, at least, to mitigate its rigours.

In this direction several interesting proposals have been made.

First of all, there is a growing opinion, to which, by the way, the present writer gave expression many years ago, that the motor horn should be entirely abolished. To the objectionable character of this particular kind of noise, especially during the hours of sleep, everyone can testify; and there is no doubt that its absence would bring about a welcome diminution in the most irritating forms of street noises.

To this proposal, however, there is raised the obvious objection that the abolition of the motor horn would be followed by an increase in the number of accidents from motor vehicles, and these, truly, are already much too numerous. Against this objection, however, we may

reasonably urge that the absence of a horn would lead to greater caution in driving. At the present time, wilful or enthusiastic drivers too often rely upon the horn to carry them through cross roads or round blind corners with speed unrelaxed; whereas the knowledge that they are unheralded and can only avoid danger by being seen in time would lead them to drive more slowly. This opinion can readily be tested. Let any motor driver make up his mind to dispense with his horn for an hour or two, and he will then discover, as the writer has done, that this contention is not without reason.

In France, according to newspaper reports, the authorities have in the great cities demarcated definite areas as " zones of silence," where, after a certain hour in the evening, the sounding of the motor horn is prohibited. If, then, the total abolition of the horn in our own country seems to be too rash an experiment for a start, why not try the French plan, and defer total abolition pending the results as to accidents occurring in those zones ?

The unspeakable nuisance of motor cycles pistolling their way through quiet streets and roads is one that can be easily put a stop to. All that is necessary is the enforcement of the law that they shall be provided with efficient silencers.

The noise produced by motor horns and motor cycles, then, is not beyond removal. It can be dealt with. But what is to be done about those ponderous motor lorries with solid tyres that crash and rumble and rattle at headlong speed through our dormitory streets and peaceful country villages ? Here the problem is at once more serious and more difficult of solution. More serious, because those vehicles not only rouse up slumberers from their needful repose but set up so much earthquaking vibration as to endanger even the integrity of our buildings. And it is more difficult, because the development of this great and growing traffic represents a huge commercial venture of great value to the country as a whole. Every year, almost every day, sees the change over of more and more merchandise from the railways to the roads; and this change has come to stay. We cannot put the clock back.

That being so, the silencing of this source of noisy disturbance is a task which, we must admit, will be

difficult to accomplish. All that seems feasible at the moment is to confine such traffic to the main thoroughfares. In course of time, no doubt, the provision of broad, smooth motor-ways all over the country with by-passes round the villages will minimize the nuisance in country places. But the passage of heavy vehicles during the night to market and dock and railway terminus through large centres of population will be difficult to prohibit.

Further, the stoppage of heavy commercial motor wagons on the outskirts of cities and the compulsory breaking-up and transference of their loads to lighter and quicker motor vehicles seem also to be impracticable, as we should then be depriving the motor lorry of its chief asset, the transhipment of goods from door to door at a minimum cost in labour.

Nevertheless, in spite of all its commercial advantages, we cannot contemplate the growth of this kind of disturbance without misgiving. After all, the securing of peace and adequate rest to the working community is itself a matter of the highest national importance, and if commercial interests cannot be reconciled with the provision of rest, the temper of the community may rise to the point of danger.

Still, the solution of this difficult problem may perhaps be left to the motor engineer. Surely it ought to be possible to devise vehicles capable of carrying heavy goods in bulk that are yet free from the din-producing drawbacks of those at present on the road.

One point more. In order to secure the benefits adumbrated in these and similar proposals, and to keep guard against the springing-up of further sources of noise, a new army of officials would be necessary. These might possibly be constituted as a special motor branch of the existing police force; or it might be deemed advisable to create inspectors of noise, comparable to our sanitary inspectors. But this is a mere matter of detail. What should not be overlooked is that, unless such a body of men be placed upon the road and charged with the duty of seeing that the rules and regulations against noise are adhered to, all efforts to mitigate the nuisance will begin and end with the promulgation of empty resolutions.

Release

By H. Pearl Adam

ATKINSON lived in the suburbs with his silly little wife, who couldn't play bridge but always made the fourth; he went to the office regularly every day, and once a month he received nearly enough money to cover the rigidly controlled expenses of the home. Most of the men he knew lived similar lives, and seemed contented enough; but he couldn't get out of his head the great adventure of his youth, when the shipping firm for which he worked sent him to Manáos. Fever got him in its claws, and he had to come home; but his head was full of huge butterflies like blue fire, and pale women with black hair, and three-coloured parrots, and great yellow or black rivers pouring sullenly between matted green walls of jungle. He soon forgot the mosquitoes and the ants. He had been offered an adventure, and had not done more than start on it when he was violently returned to Fenchurch Street Station, which stood like a policeman between his dull leisure and his dull work.

The work should have been even duller: writing a letter to Pará upset his tranquillity for a day; a bill of lading from Manáos plunged him into bitterly sentimental reverie. He tried to get to the war, but they didn't want any more fever patients than the trenches could provide. So he dreamed about the great butterflies, and shortly married a small one. There was nothing of the Amazon about Millie, either as a human creature or an insect. She was a nice enough little girl, with the usual pretty hair, and big eyes, and small chin, and ugly hands. She ran the house in the groove she thought he liked; loved him sincerely; bored him to death; and was luckier than many more intelligent women who can't find out what their husbands want, in that she never knew James wanted anything.

His meals were always ready when he came home; once a fortnight he took her to a music-hall or a farce;

they belonged to a library, and read love stories and detective novels. They went to the Plunketts on Saturdays and played bridge; the Plunketts came to them on Sundays for a rubber; Millie's sandwiches were always fresh, original, and exquisitely made.

It might have gone on like that indefinitely if Mrs. Plunkett's sailor brother hadn't brought her a parrot from Borneo. It spoke no language but English, in which its proficiency was such that Mrs. Plunkett made a special embroidered square to be kept at hand for throwing over its cage; but the brightness of its plumage, its wild, wise, utterly pagan glance, its habit of looking at Atkinson, flapping its wings, squawking, and deliberately (it seemed) rattling the bars at him, drove his thoughts, in a stampede he could not check, to the coloured wet heat, the exquisite transient coolnesses, of the Amazon.

"Ow!" said the parrot one Saturday, "w'en I was in Singapore . . ."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Plunkett, "that's one of his worst!"

Mr. Plunkett had already thrown over the cage the square which Mrs. Plunkett had embroidered with olive branches and orange blossom, though not perhaps in that order. She had been to the Riviera, and admired its flora. "Wow!" said the parrot, and went to sleep, with a forlornly obscene chuckle.

Atkinson bid a spade, and his wife said, "Now, I wonder what that means!" with pretty archness. Mrs. Plunkett, who knew how to handle her cards, said, "Your turn to call, Millie," and Millie obeyed a certain note in the pleasant voice, and called. At the end of the evening Atkinson had lost one and threepence, or won sevenpence, it didn't matter which. Before leaving he lifted the corner of the embroidered square and looked at the parrot from Borneo. A small mass of green and scarlet, like a neglected baby in bright clothes, slumbered on the perch. "Ain't it 'ot!" murmured the parrot, who was shivering.

Atkinson walked home with his wife through a cold November slush, and she gave him some good hot grog, because she said he looked perished. He woke her by

laughing in the small hours—her phrase had come to his mind.

They passed Sunday in the usual routine—up late, a saunter, rather brisk because of the temperature, hot dinner, a snooze, tea and muffins; a nice thread of cheerful and friendly conversation throughout; then Millie started getting out the bridge-table, and cutting sandwiches, and putting out their own seven o'clock cold meal on the kitchen table (as Annie wasn't there on Sundays), to save clearing away after, and Atkinson went for a walk, after making up the fire and seeing the two scuttles were full for the evening, and the beer and lemonade all ready.

He went out and walked fast. He hadn't a dog to whistle to, because the neighbours didn't like anything to bark at any time. They had had to give Pip away. He felt he couldn't go on. He felt he must go on. Poor old Millie; he liked Millie; how Millie bored him! Well, anyway, he wasn't unfaithful to her. There weren't other women in his life; not even casually. Though, of course, in his thoughts, he was constantly unfaithful to her—not even there with women, but with the Amazon, and all the dreams of his youth that great yellow flood had engulfed with its tropic, melodramatic brilliance, where all was as bright as villainy; where the weather itself had a direct impact upon your personal life, making you drunk, or listless, or excited, or just confused, instead of passing you by with a light wash of one colour one day and another the next as it does at home.

He walked up High Street, and wondered why all shops have grey shutters. Green would have been so much nicer to look at, especially with the dull yellow road between; green would have looked like trees banked together into cliffs—like the jungle, and the vast heat he could feel even now, when his fingertips were tingling with cold. How silent that forest was! If it ever spoke, you started as though you'd been caught doing murder, whether it was only the squawk of a bird, or a long muffled sound of doom that was a tree falling—tearing a rent somewhere in the green matted darkness and letting the light in, frightening the moths and butterflies, till in a day or two the jungle could draw the edges together.

These grey iron shutters were dreadful, they hadn't even silence in them. They were as full of sound as caverns, but they never did anything with it, as caverns do. They took your footstep and flung it back at you, and when you rounded on them, they had flat silly faces, without any meaning. Atkinson started walking tip-toe past them, to cheat that sheer denial that he and they meant anything at all.

It was because of this stealth that he came upon Treddle kissing Mrs. Redpath under the big tree at the top of Station Hill. Treddle, the signalman, was known to have large-mindedness in his love affairs, and the chemist was known to have a distrust of his wife; but Atkinson had nothing to do with any of them, and of the three he was by far the most disconcerted. The incident quite restored him to himself for the moment.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Atkinson, running down the hill in an attempt to prove that he always went on his toes, although he had meant to turn back at the big tree, to be in good time for a snack with the wife before the Plunketts came. "Disgusting!" said Atkinson, resentfully, still running lightly away from home, because he didn't want to pass Treddle coming down to duty, as he would have to if he turned uphill again now.

Redpath stepped out from almost the last tree down the hill and took him by the arm. Then he said: "You!" and relaxed the grip. They were both speechless, Atkinson with running and excitement and Redpath with passion, and they stood in the deep shadow while Treddle, whistling under his breath, sped footlessly by. The two under the tree were like heavy ghosts, and the young man went by them like a light one.

In a minute Redpath went down the hill, and Atkinson followed, and leant on the railway bridge overlooking the station and the lighted signal-box, to get his breath. He stood there looking. . . .

He got home very late. Good-humoured little Millie bustled about and frizzled him a slice of ham and an egg, because she thought he looked shivering and white, and cold mutton was dull. Then the Plunketts came, and for once Atkinson heard their voices without thinking of the parrot from Borneo and all it brought to his mind.

About a quarter past ten Millie produced strips of cold toast covered with a paste of Bovril and Parmesan and slices of grilled cucumber, her latest invention. The talk concentrated on food. They then sat down to a last rubber, and Millie said: "Oh dear! This *is* difficult! I don't know what to do!" Mrs. Plunkett said: "Then say no more about it"; and Millie was in the very midst of asking Plunkett whether he approved of these flagrant indications, with all her nicest smiles, when Annie returned from her evening out.

As a rule, in the life to which Atkinson was used, you always knew when a servant went out, but never when she came in. She washed up after Sunday dinner with a noise like people competing for a cup at Brooklands, and then you heard the scullery door into the garden loudly locked, and something sidled along the hall, and the front door banged, and if you heard of Annie again before breakfast time on Monday, it was as a rustle of ripe corn, in the hall just before the Plunketts left.

Tonight Annie came in like a large party of guests. She was sure of her welcome, and the astounded "Annie!" of her mistress was drowned like a freshet in the great flood of her "Ma'am!"

"Well, what is it, Annie?" said Millie, adapting herself to the explosive intrusion of the round face in the doorway with that pleasant cheerfulness that often made Atkinson ashamed of his boredom.

"Oh, Ma'am! You'd never believe! That quiet Mr. Redpath, him and Mr. Treddle, that always had a smile for everyone, though they do say—well, anyway, Ma'am, there they were found in the signal-box tonight, quite dead, Ma'am! They must 'ave shot simultaneous or nearly, and the Newhaven express due, what might have been hundreds killed if the signal wasn't worked! And they can't find nobody that might 'ave seen anything from the bridge. 'Ow, it's awful, Ma'am!"

Millie had to make more sandwiches, the news so prolonged the party. It was midnight before the Plunketts left, and then Plunkett came back before ten minutes were over, occupied by Atkinson in mopping his brow, and by his wife in clearing up the bridge-table, to say that he had met Jones, and Jones said that all

Annie had said was true. Jones was County Court clerk, and therefore in with the police, and liable to hear all the news, and Plunkett had asked him to supper the next night, though as a rule Monday was not the most convenient night for guests, and would the Atkinsons come in after for a talk and perhaps a rubber?

"I suppose you didn't go anywhere near the station, Jimmy?" said Millie, as they prepared for bed.

"Yes, I did," said Jimmy in rather a chattering voice; it was very cold in their bedroom. "I went part of the way—part of the way dow-dow-down the hill. I saw Treddle—I saw Treddle—going on duty."

"You didn't see Mr. Redpath?" asked Millie.

Atkinson rubbed his wrist and did not reply.

They got into bed, and Millie tucked her head into his shoulder for a moment as if it were still their honeymoon, and then turned hastily on her other side, because they were old married people and Jimmy no longer enjoyed her being a frightened little girl. And very glad he was to have her turn away, and deeply aggrieved when, by intent listening, he thought he detected a movement like a suppressed sob; and quite resentful because he could not be sure.

But he soon forgot Millie. The drama of the evening had showed him that the Amazon flowed very near home for others; only he, it seemed, who had the heart and soul to live deeply and strongly and swiftly, was fated to live in a ditch-trickle. Very hard, he felt.

Mrs. Redpath was no business of his, and he did not think of her, nor whether from her ditch-trickle she also had notions of majestic tiger-coloured streams. His own connection with it was what chiefly occupied his mind. Should he tell or should he not tell what he had seen? For the first time he lay awake thinking of something as imperiously interesting as his own lost adventure. This was real, after all, and many a man would have babbled about it at once to the Plunketts. But not he. Sheer ordinary decency had bidden him hold his peace about other folk's affairs—and then the tragedy!

He woke very much disinclined for work, but glad to find that Millie was cheerful, though a little serious. It had crossed his mind just before he fell asleep that a

straight little woman might be a bit offended by the Treddle affair, and a quiet little woman might be a bit knocked by it—in fact, that her funny beginning of a cuddle might have been a bid for sympathy that he might reasonably have given her. But she gave no sign of wanting sympathy at 8 a.m., and he caught the 8.35 in his usual mood.

Millie met him at the station in the evening, and each said "What news?" in the same breath. "Italy claims the Caspian!" said he repressively, seeing she had none, and the weather-wise wife said "*No!* Do explain to me, dear."

So they arrived at Plunkett's house on comfortable terms. Jones held forth in great detail on the Treddle tragedy; he spoke interestingly and with gusto for a considerable time; but it all came to what Annie had said. The two men, both armed, had obviously had a quarrel and shot each other in the signal-box; both were living when a porter came running, to see why the signals weren't against the loop-line local five minutes before the boat-train was due; but neither spoke before they died.

They all played bridge, and Jones continued to talk, thereby giving Millie a pleasant sensation of comradeship. Atkinson cut out for the last rubber. The parrot had been so good that he was still uncovered. When he saw Atkinson near him his mood changed for the worst. "Shipmate!" said the parrot hoarsely, "come and ship along o' me!" He added in a high and ladylike voice: "Oh, bother! Mo-ah stitches to pick up! I *arsks* you!" After this excursion into the sorrows of some forgotten lady's-maid's existence he eyed Atkinson and said: "One of his worst, put the cover on; one of his worst, put the cover on, Singapore, Singapore, Singapore." Atkinson unfolded the olive branches and threw them over the cage. One corner caught, and the parrot, with a rattle of claws, poked his beak up through the bars, looked into Atkinson's eyes, and said in a rapid whisper, "Let's get out of the window!"

Atkinson stared at the bird for an instant, and then arranged the embroidered square very carefully over that corner of the cage. For an instant it stuck out

where the protruding beak held it up, then sank to the outline of the cage. "Oh dear!" came from within, and then silence.

It was muggy outside, a thoroughly unpleasant thaw. The Atkinsons walked home in silence. Millie did not put her arm through his as usual, and Atkinson felt first a little resentful, and then very sad. Wasn't he to have anything at all—neither his great yellow river and all its adventure, nor his dormouse-in-the-teapot life? The Amazon was always clutching him, but Millie never clutched. But what would it be like if she ceased even to hold on?

They got in. A straggle of moonlight through the fanlight made the little hall dramatic in light and shade. Millie turned the light on. Atkinson leaned across her shoulder and turned it off.

"Jimmy!" said Millie. And then, scared by his heavy breathing. "James! Oh, James!"

"Swear to keep silence for ever!" said Atkinson. "I must speak! I must! Can I trust you?"

"Oh, James!" said poor Millie, trembling dreadfully. "You can trust me—you can, you can. I—I swear to God!" and shook still more, awed by the weight of an oath so solemn that she felt it must really be bad language.

Atkinson leaned forward and turned the light on. Their two white faces were very near each other.

"I was on the bridge last night," said Atkinson, "and I saw what happened in the signal-box. *But I must never tell what I saw! And you must never ask me! Never!*"

"O!" said Millie, her arms going out round the bearer of such a burden; "dear, *dear* James! My poor Jimmy!"

They both cried a little. Then she made some cocoa, knowing that it is good for the nerves.

. . . . .

They have both been happier since, for he has never been haunted by the Amazon again, and Millie regards him with awe, and also pets him, because of the dark secret he must keep. And Atkinson has long forgotten that he was half-way up the hill on his way home before anything whatever happened in the signal-box.

On Blotting Paper

By Martin Pêcheur

THERE are few things more absorbing than blotting-paper.

I have been sitting here for perhaps half an hour, thinking (as I supposed) of nothing, and I awake to find that the top sheet of my blotting-pad—virgin just now except for a blot of ink that went through all the sheets when the cat *Théophile* upset my ink-bottle—is fantastically decorated with a medley of seemingly inconsequent images.

I will describe them to you.

First there is a little figure of a woman carrying a basket on her head. One hand, with fingers bent but thumb outstretched, rests on her hip, the other holds the rim of the basket, so that her arms make a beautiful S—like an S on Trajan's column, for her wrists are delicately fine. The basket is broad and flat. It is made of dried reeds that are golden-tawny-brown in colour, but a few are dull sage-green, and, as the reeds are woven in broad diagonal bands, this makes an accidental pattern that is much prettier than a pattern made on purpose. The basket is filled with Barbary figs, and the pale, soft green of the Barbary figs is exactly the right colour to go with the tawny reeds.

Next there are three . . . Three what? Horse-chestnut fruits? No—they are too pointed at the ends. Sea-urchins? No—there are not enough prickles. Ah, I arrive!—*courgettes*! I begin to see the drift of things. My three *courgettes* (spiny miniature-vegetable-marrow-like things, and detestable to eat) are but the leading notes, as one might say, to a chord of glossy, bright-green leaves. . . . Your belated protest is not unreasonable. You object that a black-lead pencil cannot draw glossy, bright-green leaves. I reply that a black-lead pencil and imagination can draw anything. And they *are* glossy, bright-green leaves, for they are either orange-tree leaves or lemon-tree leaves; but, as my fingers have not drawn their leaf stalks, I do not know which.

If I held the leaves in my hand. . . .

If, on a sun-baked wall that I know, I were sitting astride—one leg in France and one in Italy. . . .

. . . . .

The wall runs up by the garden of Cabissol's cottage—

he who keeps two mules, a little carriage, and a horse, for hire. The horse is called Nero. He is a good little horse. He can go on all day long, if he is allowed to rest awhile at each inn that he passes. I like him to rest like that, and so does Cabissol.

One morning I said to Cabissol that it would be pleasant to eat at mid-day somewhere up in the orange groves, for the sky was blue, and the air was hot, and the orange trees would be in flower, and on a day like that the streets of a town are, as a young friend of mine said to me one day when we were talking about worms, " not in my likes." So Cabissol said " Vouï," which is Provençal *patois* for " yes," and I went abroad to collect food and wine and guests.

Now when two ladies honour you with their company, you give them of your best. The food part does not matter (I have found) as much as people say; but women are uncommonly good judges of wine, if you know what to choose for them. So first I went home to get a bottle of my own old rose-red wine from behind the faggots, and then to an Italian shop for a bottle of sparkling Asti that cost the eyes in your head. I begged the wine-woman first to tie down the cork with string and then to cut the wire. And this she did, and I wrapped the bottle up in a damp napkin that already felt rather warm.

So we set off, to the tune of a running fire of pistol shots from Cabissol's whip, and when we had driven for about an hour we began to pass many places that would have well served our purpose, but at each one Cabissol said " Ah, non! Pas ici, moussié," because it was too much in the sun, or too much in the shade, or because the proprietor was a man that went into a mad rage if he saw anyone on his lands, or because. . . . Yet well I knew that all Cabissol wanted was to get as near as he could to the little, grey-stone hill-town up above, where there would be opportunities of repose for Nero.

But at last we came to a place that could not be passed by, so perfect was it—a grove that sloped gently down from the road, green with lush grass, flowery with innumerable spikes of purple-pink gladiolus. So we descended and bade Cabissol go on to the town, which he did, and there will not be any more about him, for what I want to tell you is the dreadful thing that happened to the bottle of Asti.

ON BLOTTING PAPER

When we had eaten the ham, and the chicken-sausage that had pistachio nuts and *fòie gras* in it, and great store of crusty bread, and the fat black olives that were wrapped up in a piece of butter-paper, I uncovered the basket of fruit and I took the three wine glasses and set them in a row in front of me—in case of accident.

The moment had come.

I took the bottle of Asti and set it upright on the ground between my knees, and, with the palm of my left hand pressed hard upon the cork, I cut the string. And the cutting of the string was as the unchaining of an irresistible force. I did not pull out the cork. It came out. Nothing on earth could have stopped its coming out. It came out with a bang that might have been heard a mile away—and a jet of wine soared into the air. I tried to stay the flood with my thumb—the jet merely changed its direction. I tried the palm of my hand—the jet became a catherine-wheel that embraced us all. I could do nothing. I let go. The whole bottle-ful of that heavenly wine, down to the very last drop, sailed away in a glorious, iridescent curve that seemed, to my wistful eyes, to end like a rainbow on the crest of the hills across the valley.

And what do you think those abominable ladies did? They laughed. They lay back in the deep, cool grass, and they laughed . . . and laughed . . . and laughed. Like the Proud Wooers, they " threw up their hands and died outright for laughter."

And they said afterwards that what they had laughed at was . . . me!

. . . . .

I had meant, great-grandson of Provence that I am, to end this sad tale with a *galégeade*—a quip to relieve its pathos. I had meant to tell you how, at an early hour of the afternoon, the people in the valley below walked about with their tongues sticking out, and cried: " How sweet the rain is today! " But I shall not tell you so. The tale must stand as it stands—the simple story of an unforgotten sorrow.

But . . . Oh, but the laughter of those dear ladies up there on the hillside, under the blue of the sky, under the orange trees in flower. . . . .

But . . . Oh, but blotting-paper is an Abominable Thing.

Her Day

By M. P. Willcocks

HAVE you ever noticed how quaint is the shape of a cat when it walks along a roof against the green background of an evening sky? That is just how I see Clara in my mind, since the cat, small and feline, is looking for his own romance; yet behind him how vast a world! So with Clara, changing feline to human. A thin, white-faced woman, she glances round, wry-necked, from the dishes she is washing, for she has a habit of glancing out of the corners of her eyes to see if anyone is angry with her.

That tells her story, since merely through being born, she started in life by displeasing everybody. A German sailor, flung into an English port from Heaven knows where, found Clara's mother and, being unable to get her in any other way, married her and gave her four children. Then, going off to sea one night, he never returned. Clara's mother declared he must be drowned, but then she was a trusting soul. But now, being by law a German citizen, she found it hard to earn a living. When she was lucky enough to be able to go out to work, she used to lock the children in, and there they would sit hour after hour round the dark fireplace, waiting till mother came home in the evening.

"And we never used to say a word," Clara told me one day.

"Why not?"

"Because we was too afeard."

From this, perhaps, was bred in part the terror you caught in her sudden flying glances. But what she dreaded most, I think, was the hidden rage in others that we all fear, the something fierce which lies buried deep down in every man. You can hear it spit up, this rage, from the innerds of a cat or a human. So in all her dealings with her kind Clara used to walk delicately lest she should rouse this. You scarcely dared ask her so much as a question, and if you suddenly said to her, "You mustn't do it like that," she would start as if a knife had been drawn across her skin.

Yet no one in this world ever lived with a keener zest for the great, warm, jolly life of the human family, for—if you like to put it so—the chattering of the human monkey-house. If she couldn't get a birth in which to rejoice, she would put up with a death, but what really

thrilled her was, of course, a wedding, since she shared the southern taste for ceremony. And the cockles of her heart were warmed by the mere sight of a well-spread table, glittering with silver and glass. Usually, however, she had nothing to do with that except when it came to the washing-up. It was as though a queen had been turned by some malignant fairy into a kitchen-wench.

The latent German talent for housewifery made her a notable charwoman. Under her scrubbing-brush floors grew as white as ships' decks, and along the passages her heavy footsteps stumped of a morning right to the minute; her rap on the bedroom door was so firm that it started you on the day's work for mere shame's sake.

Starved, fretted and denied, what she longed for was something generous and free. Yet round her all the time was the great background of the hills on which we lived. I cannot dissociate Clara from these, as behind the body of the prowling cat I see the vastness of the night sky.

Over our great cornfields that sweep up to the skyline, gold and green in spring and honey-coloured in autumn, the clouds pile themselves in fantastic masses. On high points clumps of pine and beech mark the grave of ancient chieftains and mask the mystery of five thousand years. In the stone-built walls and lichened roofs of Tudor manor houses, as in the passing flocks of sheep—the sheep that made the wealth of Old England—lies hidden the story of the centuries. From the nimble air to the fine, chalky soil all is clear and sweet, the prevailing colours in fair weather blue and silver, from the towering sky down to the smooth-flowing rivers that reflect the willows.

Through such scenery Clara walked every day to her work, but though she had to pass the knap where the field is strewn with arrow-heads, though her feet on the grassy trackway often trod down the harebells, and on a dew-spangled morning every leaf was a-glitter, she had no eyes for the beauty of it all, being as oblivious as the cat on the roof to the glory of the sky.

Then Sam Lethbridge thought he would like a second wife and so he took Clara. But if Fate had cheated her over the matter of her birth, then by her marriage was she sold a second time. We used to speculate as to what made Clara take Sam, but we never wondered why Sam took Clara, for he got somebody to fill his pigs' buckets (the pigs were, next to his chapel, the passion of his life)

and to fry his meals. But, after begetting with his first wife fifteen children in nineteen years, Sam gave Clara no child and thus she was again disappointed in the article of motherhood. Always she was obliged to be content with the rind of things: a man and no child; marriage and no romance, and a heart that loved the warmth of fellowship, but was too poor, in goods, to show its passionate generosity.

Sam was a clod of earth, his taste being for big, bloomy cauliflowers, huge floury potatoes and fat Middle White pigs. While anything could be got from her, he never let Old Mother Earth alone, going "wort" picking of a Saturday afternoon and mushrooming by moonlight. He kept his girls straight by threatening to break their legs if they were out after nine, but the boys "got the buckle-strap." Now they were all out in the world and Sam lived for his Middle Whites—except on Sunday, when the chapel resounded with his "Ah, good Lords." Being of the stuff that would have made a good witch-hunter, he had a bitter tongue, and nobody in the parish knew more than he did about secret backsliding. He made a speciality of this knowledge.

He escaped Clara every way except by means of his one weakness, which was drink. She nipped him by the tail, so to speak, whenever he thought of beer. Her specific for it was hot rhubarb wine, spiced with plenty of ginger.

"Mortal hot stuff, this," he would grumble as he sipped the homely decoction.

"Aye, I put in a good pinch," she would reply with a sly smile. "I made it 'hot and hot,' as the devil said when he tried to stir the broth with his tail."

On revel days, when beer went up to the hills in barrels and hogsheads, she kept him tilling the garden. Keenly did she savour her one bit of power and, had she ever heard tell of such a thing, her libation would have been poured to the god of rhubarb; her prayer, "for all thy mercies, oh, gods, we thank thee, but especially for thy good creature, rhubarb."

But Sam, thus deprived of beer, turned his chapel-going into an orgy of emotion, while his Clara watched him curiously with those little, screwed-up eyes of hers and said to herself, half unconsciously: "There's another one that's getting his bit of joy."

She grudged him his chapel, as she had grudged him his beer. For all the world she was like that odd pig out in the brood, too feeble to hold his own in the struggle round the swill-tub, the pig who vainly squeals while he watches his brothers sucking zestfully at the luscious wash. She used to hate Sam's bitter tongue; "get him into trouble it will one day," she would say, but the chapel was far worse. "They Methodies!" she cried to me, for, if the glory of the hills was above her, so, too, was the ecstasy of the visionary.

Yet Clara was all the while coming over to the sunny side, for in our colony of artists we are tolerant and easy-going; even when there is something we don't understand in anyone, we do not instantly suspect the worst. With us, too, locks and keys, chaperons and corsets, have gone the way of backboards, silk hats, feathers and starch. But Clara, before she joined us, had usually worked in places where they lock up the sugar and leave marked shillings on the mantelpiece. She relished the change.

Now in the matter of cookery you have to be careful in dealing with Clara, for, since she refuses to measure her ingredients, her cakes have a tendency to grow dryer and dryer at every baking. Yet you must not complain for fear of seeing that shiver of fear pass across her face. Therefore one approaches the matter thus:

"I wonder"—in a ruminative voice—"how much fat the recipe says for this cake?"

Like fawn in thicket, Clara peeks an eye at you.

"Recipes," sniffs she; "recipes are for ladies."

But next week the cakes fairly ooze with fatness. Gently does it with Clara.

Then one morning I came into the kitchen to find her with her eyes fixed on the pages of a cookery book. I stared in amazement and read, right across the page in large letters, HOW TO ICE A WEDDING-CAKE.

Taken aback for a second, I faced up to the situation: Clara was interesting herself in my affairs; Clara was an impertinent creature; Clara could not possibly be forgiven.

But the next moment she was, for I saw suddenly what a long way we had been travelling, she and I. And across the gulf of change I perceived a new Clara; I remembered that lately she had actually been asking questions like a human being, popping out of her hole

like a weasel, it is true, and drawing suddenly back again, but still—popping.

Once I had spoken of German composers: some commonplace. But she snapped out at me: "So you don't think badly of all Germans?"

I suppose a big wall went down at that.

Now, as I faced that HOW TO ICE A WEDDING-CAKE, as I looked at her face, all terrified and white, yet firm, I realized that Clara was throwing out a lifeline to me. She wanted to enjoy a ceremony; above all, she wanted to have a finger in the pie of my life, to know herself an influence. Also I was up against her keen sense of propriety. I knew it the next moment, when she said: "You and the master will be wanting a wedding-cake soon, I reckon."

Monstrous effrontery, that speech! A dark flush swept over both of us and we glared at each other like two sparring cats.

Clara's code was severe, not to say suspicious. When she took in lodgers, they were commonly what she called "sleepers," folks on bicycles, come for bed and breakfast. Should they be young man and woman, the latter without a ring, they were made to sleep according to the mode of the baronial castle. For the girl was sent to the inner room, and the man to the outer, with the nuptial chamber of Sam and Clara between them; and each bedroom opened into the next. "They sleepers!" Clara would often observe.

As to ourselves—Jem and I, that is—we had often debated the question of a wedding ceremony.

"I suppose we shall come to it. Make things awkward if we don't." That was the way we looked at the matter. Meanwhile Jem stormed Parnassus on fifteen shillings a week in a labourer's cottage, with his walls lined with bookshelves, and we met constantly to tramp the hills or watch the logs as they burnt on my hearthstone. We talked of "a fine friendship," but, as I said, Clara knew what was what; or thought she did. And HOW TO ICE A WEDDING-CAKE was the first move in her little game with us.

For a second I simply rocked on my feet, half with rage and half with laughter, but her eyes pleaded with me, and, indeed, I knew that she was loyalty itself.

"So you think we want a wedding, Clara?" I

observed mildly; "but you know we shan't go in for bridesmaids, and 'The Voice that breathed o'er Eden.'" But the sarcasm was unnoticed.

"There'll be a cake, anyway, I reckon," said she calmly, "and, as I've never tried my hand at one before, I thought I'd look it up. And if so be as you'll be pleased to come down and eat your wedding breakfast in our front room, Sam and me'll make you kindly welcome."

All settled, you see.

And in this way did Clara bring us to the door of the registry office. For it was literally true that we simply had not the heart to cheat her, as Fate had always done, of what her soul so ardently desired—a fuss, a ceremony, a thrill, and the glorification of that household shrine, the front parlour. For, although the rest of her house might be "all of a caddle," the front room was kept like a Holy Place, a place presided over by Queen Victoria, and filled with photographs and funeral cards. A wedding breakfast eaten in it would be what consecration is to a church just out of the builders' hands. Sam being a "near" man, at Clara's own wedding they had eaten their nuptial roast pork and beans at the kitchen table.

So Jem and I were to be called in to consecrate the place after our ceremony, and Clara began saving up to buy a half-bottle of champagne.

But before this programme could be carried out Sam raised a stir on his own account. As I size it up, we were all getting a taste for drama, led by Clara, and Sam made sure that he would not be kept out of it all; he would draw the spot-light on himself, were it but for a moment.

So one morning Clara was all of a tremble when she came in. I made her sit down and tell me what had happened.

"It's Sam," said she, getting her breath; "he's took to seeing things. I always did say he'd come to no good, going Methodying that wild. He idn't half the man he was before he took up with chapel so strong. The peas failed this year, and we haven't got not half a crop of tetties, owing to bad seed. And to think of Sam using bad seed! I'd never have believed it of 'en, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. He'll have to be took to 'sylum if he don't look out."

The terror of dreadful things was upon her and she was thoroughly enjoying the thrill. I knew she was making the most of it, whatever it was, and sent Jem

down, hot foot, to find out what Sam was supposed to have seen. "Seeing things" is not exactly definite.

Sam, his reddish eyes aflame, described his experience with gusto. After praying fervently for hours on his knees, there was a great silence, "like as if the world had stopped," and then, in a moment, the room was bathed in blood-red light, "like as if there was a fire." It lasted but a second, yet in that second Sam knew; knew as never before, for he had seen the rightness of the whole scheme of things, and his own place in it.

That was the way Jem put it, but then by now Jem, too, was all excitement, talking of "cosmic vision," whatever that may be, looking up things in Whitman and Carpenter, and exploring the mysticism of the weird Russians. What I believe Sam said was simply: "I've seen the light"; it was Jem who made it physical and blood-red; and what the old fellow certainly meant was that he was saved.

Anyway, in the end Sam and his Light must have got upon Jem's nerves, for he went down that afternoon and poured out upon Sam's devoted head the story of man's descent from the ape, talking about the Higher Criticism and the law of evolution to this fundamentalist, this Man of Vision.

Sam listened and said not a word till Jem's heart smote him for the cruelty of what he had done, and he came back and poured out the whole story to me like a naughty child. He had no earthly right, of course, to try to wipe out a simple man's joy in his faith. And so I told him roundly. But I know why he had done it: he was rather like Clara over Sam's illumination; here was a man enjoying a right-down thrilling experience; and here was Jem "out of it," as Clara, too, had always been "out of it." Another little pig round the feeding-trough watching his brothers enviously.

But old Jem hadn't the heart to let it go on, and down he went again—a third time that day—to apologize humbly to Sam for what he had said.

"Old man," said Jem, "I talked a deal of nonsense just now, and I never ought to have said a word of it. I'm sorry."

They stood staring into each other's eyes till Sam held out his hand; there were tears in the eyes of both of them by now. They were just two children making it up.

"And how is he now?" asked Clara anxiously when Jem returned. "Sensible-like again?"

Jem nodded. "Sam's all right," said he, "as happy as a king."

"Took a queer turn, I s'pose. Must have a bit of a do, Sam must. A man all over, that is."

Clara and I evidently agreed a man must have his hour, when he's the centre of things. But Clara and I are pagans in blood and bone; always were; always will be.

Casting all thought of Sam's vision to the winds, Clara prepared for her hour; her mind ran now incessantly on icing, on chicken and ham, and, above all, on that half-bottle of champagne. Sam's soul was in Heaven (presumably), and Clara's on earth. They both burbled with joy, each in his separate sphere.

The next thing was that Fate, so long Clara's enemy, took a hand in the job of filling full her cup of bliss. For Dick Hext, hale and hearty to all appearance on Wednesday, died on the Friday and was to be buried on the Tuesday. Clara was bidden to the funeral; and, besides icing, she had a wreath on her mind.

But our pilgrimage to the registry office was also fixed for that same Tuesday.

Clara faced the situation gallantly, determined that the Day should not be spoilt for her. Our "breakfast" must be eaten in the evening, that would leave her free to attend Dick's burial in the morning, to cook the chicken for us in the afternoon, to welcome us in the front room in the evening. A full day, and a blessed one! And, besides, there was economy in it, for, although she would have to walk five miles to get the flowers for poor Dick's wreath, she could at the same time make sure of a bouquet for me. And flowers, like everything else, come cheaper when one buys in large quantities. All was in train.

On that Tuesday night of our wedding, Clara brought in the "breakfast" to that Holy Place of hers. Behind the brown crackling of the steaming bird her face shone with gladness, her bold eyes flashed rallyingly into ours. She had found her freedom. With hands on hips she stood watching Jem do the carving. But as he didn't make much of a job of it, Clara actually forgot herself and gave him a push with her elbow.

"Here," said she, "just you let me get my knife into that for 'ee. There now——"

Gently she insinuated the long thin blade between wing and breast. "That's more like London," said she. "And this'll be for the Missus," she added with a glint in her eyes as she grinned at me. Hadn't she made me a real Missus?

Presently the wire of the champagne bottle being cut, we three clinked glasses to "The Day."

"And many more like 'em," crowed Clara, recklessly forgetting that she was condemning one of us to a speedy death in preparation for a second wedding. "And," added she, "my wreath was in the middle of the coffin. There wasn't one that come near it, and two-three folks passed the same remark about it. And as good a young chap as you'd wish to see, was Dick Hext, poor fellow. His young lady sobbed aloud at the graveside."

She glanced at my bouquet of white roses in the middle of the table; wreaths and bouquets filled her mind.

"But won't Sam come in, too, and drink our health?" said Jem.

"Wouldn't put his lips to it, not now, he wouldn't," said she, "for there idn't a bit o' Nature left in 'en. But there, he'll come back to my rhubarb wine of a cold winter night. You see if he don't."

She was as pert and cheeky as a sparrow.

"I wouldn't ha' missed a minute of this day, not for anything," said she, preparing with a wink to shut us in together, "all proper-like."

After that we heard her voice outside in the kitchen going on and on with a gay garrulousness entirely foreign to it. Sam's growl scarcely stopped the flood for a moment.

"Poor old chap," laughed Jem. "Will he have to eat and sleep for ever to that accompaniment, d'you think?"

But the first vision that Clara saw in her mind's eye was the black procession winding up the path between the graves with her wreath topping the thing that was carried shoulder-high; and the second was—just a couple of stray sheep safely folded. She had married us with chicken and champagne.

And what could possibly be more proper than that?

A Traveller at Timbuctu

By Leonard T. Scott

TEN miles north of the western buckle of the mighty Niger, where the straggling growth nourished by the river disappears in the sands of the great desert, lay the camp of a nomad tribe. Here, each autumn, before penetrating farther into the wastes of the Sahara, this tribe used to bury a portion of their provisions which they left in charge of an old female slave called Timbuctu. Later, caravans from the north found it a convenient spot to exchange their merchandise for the produce of the south, brought by canoes along the Niger; and at the beginning of the twelfth century a city was founded and named after the old slave.

As the years passed the importance of the desert city increased, and after one hundred years it became famous throughout the Sudan. Its wealth and prosperity, however, soon excited the cupidity of powerful neighbours, and whilst the different parties struggled for possession, the prize languished. For another hundred years Timbuctu knew no peace until it came under the dominion of the great Songhroy Empire. It was during this period of tranquillity that exaggerated stories of its wealth and splendour reached Europe through Morocco.

From the end of the sixteenth century, when the Songhroy Empire was overthrown by the Moors, until the French occupied it thirty years ago, the prosperity of Timbuctu declined rapidly. Rival Moorish leaders fought in the streets for possession of its Pashaship; desert raiders plundered it at every opportunity; and finally life became so precarious that the inhabitants spent the hours between sunrise and sunset behind the heavy doors of their houses, and only ventured out at night.

All the facts of its fluctuating fortunes surged into my mind when I first beheld Timbuctu. Across a wide stretch of sand, which reflected a blinding glare, there appeared a great, regular, dreadnought-grey mass of

buildings, flanked by two towers. From a distance the city, in its elevated position, was impressive enough. Proximity, however, rent the mask of brilliant light and the true Timbuctu lay revealed.

A first impression was, that the place had been recently bombarded! Houses lay in ruins. Collapsed side-walls exposed upstair rooms and torn roofs. Gaping holes in dwellings, which the owners were either too lazy or too poor to repair properly, were stopped with grass mats. These and some groups of thorn-enclosed mat huts formed the suburbs of Timbuctu!

Towards the centre of the town the houses improved; but the first idea persisted with the appearance of the inhabitants. Half the population hobbled along painfully on crutches, or failing the crutches, by means of the nearest wall. That these were the wounded I hadn't the slightest doubt!

Appearances are often deceptive, and I discovered later that all this destruction and disablement had been caused by nothing more warlike than water! The sun-dried brick walls had been destroyed by the last rains, and the prevailing malady was guinea-worm contracted through drinking the unfiltered water of the canal that runs up from the Niger.

Major Laing, a Scotsman, was the first European to lift the veil of mystery that enshrouded Timbuctu; but unfortunately he was killed shortly after leaving it, and it fell to Réné Caillé, a Frenchman, to bring back definite news of this city to Europe. The houses of Caillé and Barth, the third European to enter Timbuctu, are still to be seen, but the present building marked with Laing's name is not the one he occupied in 1826.

In this ancient Sudanese capital one flounders rather than walks down narrow streets, inches deep in fine desert sand, and blocked here and there by heaps of earth or bricks. The life in these lanes flows slowly and silently. All sound of movement, save the soft rustle of voluminous garments in English cotton stuffs, is muffled by the sand. Groups of children, whose sole "garment" is a string of beads, frolic near heavy, nail-studded doors, in decorated frames. Women are at work before conical, black-faced, public ovens; or

engaged in making the bead bracelets for which they are famous. The old walls of the houses are at once the home and playground of innumerable lizards, which scamper away at the slightest alarm.

From the quiet of the side streets, one emerges suddenly into the roar of the market-place. Here is the centre of the outdoor life in a large square, occupied by a yelling, jostling crowd of men and women. White and dark blue are the predominating colours; and the odours of fish from the Niger and perspiring black flesh pervade the place. The women, seated in rows on the ground, are the principal vendors, and dress one another's hair in their spare moments. Sudanese babes regard the world calmly from the maternal backs, or sleep serenely amid all the clamour. At one end of the square, in some small grey buildings, the merchants of cotton cloth and native rugs finger their prayer beads as they await customers. But for all their religious pretentions they do not lack a lying tongue. In the afternoon the whole square becomes a camp of palm-mat structures against the blaze of the sun and the hot wind from the north-east.

Timbuctu produces nothing and exists simply by its trade, in which 90 per cent. of the inhabitants are engaged. When its market dies—and it is becoming less important yearly—the old walls will crumble and disappear in the sands from which they have risen.

The basis of the market is salt, and each November sees the departure of the Azalaï, the grand caravan which brings the mineral from Taoudeni in the wilderness of Djouf. This salt is found in thick layers of large crystals, beneath a light coat of sand. It is cut in slabs or " bars " which measure approximately 3 ft. long by 1 ft. broad and weigh about 80 lbs. The return of the Azalaï is a day of rejoicing, fine clothes, music, and dancing. When Timbuctu was at the height of its prosperity, twenty to twenty-five thousand camels went north each year in the Azalaï, but today only a fraction of that number takes part. The quality of this salt, and its convenience of transport without loss, have so far defeated all attempts of the cheaper-priced European variety to supersede it throughout the Sudan.

Not far from the market-place, the mosque of Sankory stands on the edge of the desert. There are two other mosques: Sidi Yaya in the centre of the town, and Dingueryber in the Quarter Badjindy. Dingueryber is the largest and most ancient of the three, and the sides of its mud-built minaret are pierced by strengthening timbers. Before one of its many low doors three old men sat quietly fingering their chaplets. Their long beards matched the snowy whiteness of their turbans, and in their faces glowed a serenity that mocked Time itself. There they sat regarding the world through unseeing eyes, thinking of God knows what. At intervals their lips moved, and I listened. "The Compassionate, the Merciful," they murmured. "The Compassionate, the Merciful. King on the Day of Judgment!"

I approached, and to my request for permission to enter they gave smiling assent. Inside, the mosque is a great, gloomy vault, divided into aisles by eight lines of arched pillars which support the roof. Here and there, swords of brilliant light from without stab the darkness through cracks in the old doors; but they only deepen the blackness of the farther recesses. Except for lines of mats along the outer aisles the place is void of all decoration. On one side is the Mihrab, a narrow recess which indicates the direction of Mecca to the worshippers. Hundreds of great bats flutter and squeak in the obscurity of the vaulted roof, and send shivers down your back by swooping close to your head as you grope your way about. It is a relief to emerge into the light of day again.

For all the movement in its streets the real life of Timbuctu is hidden from the stranger. Continual contact with the Moors and Arabs from the north has had its effect on the social system, which differs from that of other Sudanese cities. The intimate life of the inhabitants is Arab in its exclusiveness during the hours of daylight, when the glare exposes too much the architectural blemishes. But when the velvet cloak of night falls softly and envelops the old walls, clothing them with a magic that only departs with the dawn, the true life issues from the houses into the lanes and by-ways. The ghost of its former greatness walks through the narrow, uneven streets.

A TRAVELLER AT TIMBUCTU

I passed a month at Timbuctu, and each night I wandered through it. Overhead, the dark purple canopy of the heavens was a mass of sparkling globes of light; angle-points of geometrical figures that were beyond human comprehension. The weird music of native flutes and violins sounded on the still air. Round doorways grouped dark, recumbent figures, the sound of whose low voices and gentle laughter beat strangely against the old walls, which have witnessed what nights of sensual gaiety in the past. The throb of this intimate nocturnal life is the real charm of the intriguing mystery of its lanes, which, like all such in Africa, twist confusingly to lead somewhere, if it is the will of God. With the dawn all her outward charm falls from her, and Timbuctu rests like an old Queen dreaming of the past.

At sunset the western heavens are a sea of gold and palest green against which the tower of old Dingueryber stands out in relief. Up the slope from the canal come some small figures, with hands clasped behind the head to support the water-pots they bear. Their black bodies, fresh from the water, caught in the dying light, glitter like metal statues.

So night falls once more on Timbuctu, and the frogs and toads commence their raucous concert in the ponds below. The Southern Cross swings up. And the mystery which enveloped this ancient city, in the eyes of Europe one hundred years ago, exists today, in another sense, behind its studded doors and tiny arabesque windows.

Mad Echo

By Geoffrey Johnson

It was high noon; the sunlight-speckled leaves
Twinkled and rustled like the scales of snakes.
It was high noon upon the hills; the leaves
Enclosed as in a bower a quiet pool
In the sunk hollow; climbing up and round,
The stems rose from the limestone-yellow sides
By shadows patterned; all the rocks and roots
With olden film were overgreened; the pool,
Broadened from falling water, sparkled with fires
Of shafted crystal, and the sounding drops
Splintered their fleeting pearl against the stone.
I came from hurrying through the valley paths,
Where Satyrs blear with lusts made merriment
Of my so-seeming madness, pelting me
With apples, and the spurted blood of berries,
Scoring my limbs, meshing my raven hair
With burdocks and the purple fleece of thistles.
I came; I drew my finger to my lips;
I tore the leafage as a sound that tears
The veiling silence, and the naiads dived
Below the dripping cresses swiftlier
Than moons behind a greenish dark of cloud,
Felt but invisible. There, there was he,
The drooping dreamer, his mouth's petal-pout
Blurred softly in the drowning fires of bloom
Of rhododendron, cyclamen, and rose
O'erhanging. With upcurled and ivory feet
That twinkled like beach-pebbles bared at noon,
He stirred the winking shallows. Mad was I,
Poor Echo—mad was I. A thousand times
I thus had seen him, but this time of all
More than Narcissus drank I with my soul.
Bare-breasted, neckleted with threaded cones
Of singing pine, I leaned me to the wave,
And all the world became one crystal space

Of naked pain that flowed me through and through;
And all the world became one moduled Voice
That clearly cried "O follow, follow, follow."
I ran, I ran, as never Mænad ran;
I was drunk up as clouds in arid noons
Or flower-face in the waters. What I heard
The Gods of Hellas know not, but I know
I am become a shadow, a crying voice
About the limits of their world, and they
Have goads of madness for the seeing brain.
I beat against their ramparts of strong Time
To catch the Voice again, but I am thrust
Down from their flaming-bastioned suns, their cold
And clean-ranked spears of stars; and yet I know
The Music is that I have heard. I pace
The lonely chambers of the brains of men,
And there the gods with endless fury strive
For fierce dislodgment; poets harbour me
And catch my voice and hearken till they die
And roam like me—shadows throughout the world.
Henceforth I ride whatever music-surge
Drops beaten from the last unscalable wall
Of soaring to the maimed and broken moan
That closes human movement. I am she
Whose voice is heard wherever lovers feel
About the set of sun or rise of moon
The pain of happiness that might be more
And is not, pain that happiness will end.
O with what aching thrills they wake to hear
My voice, and dance disrooted far away
In spirit to the very verge of the world.

. . . . .

He that I loved hath never heard that voice,
Nor ached nor fluttered to a pipe of mine;
Him have the great gods doomed with gifts and made
A pitiful perfection, a white flower
Soul-rooted to the solid show of things.
He dared not dare the greater curse with me,
Gazing beyond the deeps to deeps where brinks
Of Being are not, and the rounded earth
Is only a jewel in unending light.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The U.S.A. Election

"I see that Mr. Hoover has been elected President of the United States," said Heddle.

"He has," replied Sergeant Murphy, "and the blessin's of the instalmint system have been preserved for a great dimmocracy. The full dinner pail and the full garage becomes part of the Constitution of the United States and is guaranteed to one and all, barrin' the inferior races without a florid complexion or a Nordic complex. Progress remains in the saddle, and the mightiest nation the worruld has yet seen with nine-point-four times as many pethrol-fillin' stations as anny other counthry moves forward unhampered to its great destiny."

"Al Smith hasn't half got a licking," said Heddle.

"He asked for it," said Sergeant Murphy. "He done the unforgiveable thing."

"What's that? Being a Roman Catholic, do you mean?"

"I don't. Thrue, he lost some votes on that count. There are min that care nothing for religion who discovered it was agen their conscience to vote for him, and the Amy MacPhersons did their bit, too.

"But it wasn't that that swamped him.

"Nor was it because he was a Wet in theery, though all the proud and imminent families whose fortunes have been founded on boot-leggin' rose agen him *en masse* to make sure that the second in order of the Dynasty would inherit the goodwill of the business.

"Thin, too, here and there his free-and-easy ways wasn't received with enthusiasm be the select circles that have a hand-picked prince or viscount on the family pay-roll. Rumours were spread that approachin' asparagus be the point or the butt was all the same to him, that if some of his grammar was put under the Third Degree, it hadn't a leg to stand on, and that his taste in ties would get him warned off every polo ground in Long Island.

"Also, it was remimbered to his discredit that he was the white-haired boy of Tammany Hall, which in its long and fascinatin' histhory has never been notorious for ignorin' the pickin's that in every well-governed American town reward the public-spirited min in charge of affairs.

After all, Heddle, the Republicans are above petty graft like municipal conthracts and the like. Their outlook is national. They'll stoop to touch nothin' less than oil leases and tariff concessions. There's dignity about graft like that.

"For all that, Heddle, Al Smith had colour and personality and romance about him, and I think he'd have gone close to a victory, if it hadn't been for wan fatal mistake—what I meant when I said he's done the unforgiveable thing.

"It was this. He was a candidate for the highest dignity in his counthry, and he let it be known that he wasn't too sure that the United States was as prosperous as it was made out to be. He dared to suggest that the farmers hadn't had a fair deal, and that the number of unimployed was a lot bigger than was stated in the Governmint reports.

"Now, Heddle, it's wan of the little fads of the great American nation that they'll listen quietly to anny criticism of their counthry as long as it does not say a harsh word about their commercial position. British and other lecturers pass in procession across the counthry, tellin' the people what an illiterate lot they are, and how far they're behind cultured Europe, and, sthrange to say, they're never lynched. It gives wan a high opinion of American resthraint.

"But the man that says that there's flaws in the fabric of American business is guilty of blasphemy of the first degree. Al Smith did that, and it was thumbs down.

"Mind you, Mr. Hoover is a great man. His record is wan to be proud of, and there's millions of Europeans who ought to have been prayin' that he got to the top of the poll. But, as a leader, he's as inspirin' as cold mutton on the third day.

"As for the Republican claim that they're responsible for America's prosperity, it reminds me of the story of the fly and the cow.

"The fly had been sittin' all day on the cow's head contemplatin' the infinite, and whin evenin' came, says he to the cow, 'Well, I'll be goin' now.' 'Will you?' says the cow. 'I never knew you were there.'

"Yes, Heddle, the fight's over. It was a red rose agen a filin' system, and the filin' system won."

The Human View of Murder

By Horace Shipp

Diversion. By John van Druten. (Little.)
To What Red Hell. By Percy Robinson. (Wyndham's.)

If literature has any social purpose beyond that of mere diversion, it lies in extending human sympathies by bringing us into contact with the lives and minds of others. Thus, society which once tolerated a thousand horrors from chimney-boys to debtors' prisons, from children in the mills to capital punishment for sheep stealing, has gradually broadened its sympathies for its unhappy members, as much because Dickens or Charles Reade or Charles Kingsley wrote novels as because the avowed humanists and reformers of the type of Howard or the Earl of Shaftesbury held public meetings and badgered Parliament. In truth, governments can only act when a great body of public opinion has been brought to see the human side of these inhuman institutions. The artists who start that public opinion are invariably accused of sentimentalism and of undermining the social fabric. Two generations after their death we are always wondering why the reform ever needed to be advocated, so obvious is it to our more enlightened civilization that common humanity demanded the advance. Society never has found the need to turn back over this road towards a greater humanism.

This sociological preamble is evoked by these two dramas which see murder and the murderer from the human viewpoint. Mr. Robinson's piece is avowedly propaganda for the abolition of the death penalty, even though it is propaganda excellently woven into the fabric of a full-blooded melodrama, and entirely subjected to the artistic needs of the piece. Mr. van Druten has more likely been concerned only with carrying on that theme of the tragic growing pains of the soul with which he dealt in *Young Woodley;* but the result has been to give us a companion piece to *To What Red Hell,* with the propaganda none the less strong because it is almost unconscious. Both plays start with the advantages that they are magnificently acted and that they give every

chance for it. Maurice Evans, Cathleen Nesbitt, and C. V. France in *Diversion;* and Sara Allgood, Frederick Peisley, Wallace Geoffrey, and Robert Horton in the other play, give a show of acting for which no word of praise is too high, so that the audiences are moved from the polite demonstration of hand-clapping to spontaneous "Bravos" at the curtain fall. Nor in this matter of acting should Drusilla Wills's marvellous comic-tragic charlady in the prologue of *To What Red Hell* pass unnoticed.

It is, indeed, part of the ingenious craftsmanship of these pieces that, despite the terrific tragedy of their theme, both succeed in having humour. True, as the tragic climax is approached, this is subjected, but there is none of the self-conscious gloom drama of earnest young playwrights with a mission. *To What Red Hell* verges upon this note at moments; but when most it threatens, Sara Allgood, as the mother of the man innocently condemned, waiting the striking of eight o'clock, carries it out upon such a flood of passion that in place of depression we have the exaltation of spirit of sublime tragedy. In *Diversion* the humour is so excellent that there is every reason to fear Mr. van Druten's secession to the ranks of the writers of flippant cocktail comedy. The scene when young Wyn Harding takes his demi-mondaine revue actress to the ultra-respectability of his father's tea-table at Harley Street is exquisite. Another which gives the chitter-chattering of her manicurist is a little broader in its ragging of the "refaned" manner, but remains extraordinarily good fun.

The weakness of the play lies in that final tragic scene when Wyn, having fought his passion for this worthless woman and been beaten by it, and having strangled her in his despairing knowledge of her rottenness, returns home and persuades his father to give him poison rather than face trial and hanging. At the end of a play of almost subtle realism this breakdown of probability is a grave fault, and, since Maurice Evans had successfully surmounted one big scene after another, there was no need for a finale of this kind. From the viewpoint of Mr. van Druten's tragic theme of adolescent passion any kind of suicide, threat of suicide, or helpless

waiting would have been more true and more telling. But the play is so good that it can carry faults.

To What Red Hell, albeit it is planned on levels of less artistry, manages its story well along some borderline between drama and melodrama. Passions are torn to tatters, but given the characters in question, they would be. There is something vaguely reminiscent of Galsworthy's technique in the juxtaposition of the rich family and the poor one, the relentless social machine of the law, the human love and hate, weakness and loyalties which know no social bounds. It is all cruder than Galsworthy would have made it, but has the same implications of pity and understanding. It has, too, his indictment of society in the abstract for allowing the torture of individuals inevitable to the workings of the penal machine; something of that putting squarely before us the consequences in personal misery which we had in Galsworthy's *Justice*, whereby we were led to alleviate the torture of solitary confinement. In one passage (perhaps the least dramatic in the play) Mr. Robinson stages an argument on the subject of capital punishment, unforgivably—or perhaps forgivably—showing his hand, but he makes an immediate recovery and uses even this passage to precipitate one of the big scenes of terror and remorse. After that, humanism can take care of itself, carried along on the blasts of pity and terror he provides.

If apart from their theatrical value these plays do take any part in moulding the social conscience and consciousness of our time, it will be precisely because of their human qualities. This is the weapon put to the hand of the dramatist reformer. Once we grow to understand that the men and women whom chance and deviation from the safe track of social conduct have branded, *are* men and women, and not "the criminal classes" or some such abstraction, the machine of the law is more likely to meet the manifold needs of individual cases. These two dramatists have consciously or unconsciously shown us the crime for which society still reserves its right to the maximum and irrevocable punishment, and have shown it in its human light. Marvellously, too, they have given us two first-rate dramas.

Books

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIR

THE TRIAL OF SOCRATES, WITH CHAPTERS ON HIS LIFE, TEACHING AND PERSONALITY. By COLEMAN PHILLIPSON. Stevens & Sons. £1 1s.

THIS volume appears in the dull, heavy style of a law book, too tall for the common shelf. We wish that it had a more attractive format and was cheaper, for it gives a sound and well-documented account of the trial which ended the career of Socrates, and enough about his life—the famous attack in the "Clouds" of Aristophanes, and other pertinent matters—to make a complete picture. The reasons for the trial and condemnation are pretty clear, if various details remain obscure. The defendant's activities were regarded as a danger to the community; the prosecution was really political, but an amnesty prevented its taking that form; so Socrates was accused of impiety and corrupting youth. The points made by the prosecution can only be gathered from the "Apologia," written by Plato some years after the trial. How far Plato added doctrines of his own to the Socratic dialogues no one knows, but it is difficult to believe that in so notorious an affair as this trial he would be able or willing to falsify main points in the defence. The charge of impiety was based, it is suggested, on the "daimonion" of Socrates—a phenomenon in itself disputed and best explained, we think with the author, on the lines suggested by Jackson. The prejudice of Anytus as a prosecutor is clear, and he was as unfair as Aristophanes in lumping Socrates with the Sophists. The charge of corruption is even more vague than that of impiety. We may conclude that the notorious associates of Socrates and his political independence made his case desperate, and his way of talking was always against him. His assumption of what Lamb calls "modesto-vanitas" must have grown tedious to the Athenians as, in truth, it does sometimes to us. But at least he never, like Herbert Spencer, blocked his ears against the common crowd.

Whether the verdict was reasonable it is not easy to decide. Dr. Phillipson thinks it was not, and he has mastered thoroughly the details of the case and the opinions of scholars, some of which are too wild to be worth recording. The various sources of evidence are thoroughly weighed. Doubtless Xenophon was perfectly sincere, but we cannot help suspecting a man who did not belong to the intimate circle of Socrates and presented him as something like a respectable Benthamite. V. R.

THE LININGS OF LIFE. By WALPURGA, LADY PAGET. With a frontispiece and 10 illustrations. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett. £2 2s.

THIS is a pageant of high life in the middle and later days of Victoria, seen with a shrewd and penetrating eye and recorded in diaries of unusual fullness. The "linings" are distinctly of silk. Lady Paget moved in exalted circles on the Continent

before her marriage and later went through the Ambassador's round in Rome and Vienna of distinguished parties, in which notabilities, good looks and queer characters abounded. Travel in the mid-Victorian period was nothing like so easy as it is now, but she bore all the discomforts with a good sense of humour. She had a relief from a crowd of human personalities in her love of Nature and art. She cherished the closest family affection, and there are many painful letters about the loss of her brother in the Franco-German war.

The book shows a marked appreciation for the psychic and the odd. The *jettatore*, caster of the evil eye, appears more than once, and there are several ghost stories, to say nothing of a rather obscure suggestion that the author started the modern legend of the creature of Glamis. The points of famous beauties are dissected and an equally keen observation decides about the qualities and defects of men. Thus:

> The Emperor Frederic was beloved of all who knew him. He was good, but weak, and had but one fault: his excessive love and admiration for his wife, which blinded him to what was good for him and her. She, a clever, well-intentioned but passionate woman, was often carried away by her imagination.

We notice this verdict about society:

> Moral pluck in society is so rare a quality that one can never sufficiently extol it. It was entirely from that quality that Lady Jersey kept her unlimited sway over London society for fifty years.

The book starts off rather in the air, perhaps with the idea that the author's other writings are remembered, but every record should, as far as possible, be complete in itself. A competent arranger and reviser could have made the amazing stock of detail presented here more easily understandable to the reader. There is much here that is curious, but nothing to a critic with Victorian memories excels the mention of Matthew Arnold as headmaster of Harrow! The little appreciation, which does credit to Lady Paget's judgment, belongs to Montagu Butler.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENE STRATTON-PORTER. By JEANNETTE PORTER-MEEHAN. With 4 illustrations. Hutchinson. 18s.

THE author of the books, half natural history, half honest and rather crude sentiment, which brought tributes from admirers all over the world, was certainly a remarkable woman, and there is a great deal that is attractive in the biography written by her daughter, though it is too full of complimentary letters. Indeed, the book is rather naïve in its choice of material for reproduction. But we cannot doubt the splendid vigour and abilities of the woman who, when she was established as a writer of note, found time for so much else, being great as a housewife, a friend always answering letters, and an untiring student of wild Nature. Geneva—later shortened to "Gene"—was the twelfth child of a farmer and

preacher, and her own young life, which she wrote of in "Laddy," was a good example of a strict and affectionate household. She was handsome and original, but never spoilt. The letters of her courtship, in which she struggles against the propriety then in fashion, are both amusing and delightfully genuine, but later we hear singularly little of the druggist she married. She began her success as a photographer of Nature so excellent that experts came down to discover her methods, and she found in the wild tracts of the Limberlost an original source of writing. When it was drained and cleared, she bought 150 acres of primeval forest in Indiana, got in a "tree surgeon" for bad wood and set the roots of 3,000 plants. Her energy, when it was cut short by a fatal motor accident, was as marvellous as ever. Her ready kindness and sympathy made, it is clear, a great impression on all she met.

There is no index. This is a grave error in any substantial biography.

MEMORIES OF BYGONE ETON. By HENRY S. SALT. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

MR. SALT writes pleasantly of the Eton of fifty years ago, and his thumbnail sketches, often touched with gentle humour, of his contemporaries and seniors form an interesting record. Dr. Hornby, Dr. Warre, Oscar Browning, and J. D. Bourchier—futile as a master, but afterwards a power in the Balkans—come in, amongst others, for their share of praise and kindly criticism. There are some good stories, one of which reminds us of the occasion when the text "Rend your heart and not your garments" was said to have been uttered with emphasis after the announcement of an offertory including a trouser button. Mr. Salt puts in a plea for the soliloquizers—or "secumlocutors" as he calls them—who, at least, do not bore their friends; and he suggests the erection of "secumlocution boxes" as a corrective to telephone excess. As a warning to the chattering egoist, he recalls Thoreau's remark about the man who boasted himself on the receipt of many letters. "Poor fellow! It is evidently a long time since he heard from *himself*."

There are some notes on the author of "Ionica," an original highly gifted in some ways and deficient in others. Since Mr. Salt refers to A. C. Benson's memoir of him, the much more intimate one by Herbert Paul in his "Stray Leaves," which corrects it, might have been mentioned. The famous "Heraclitus" is not, we think, "the most felicitous rendering of a Greek lyric that Englishman ever made." For instance, Campbell's "Hybrias the Cretan," faithful both to letter and spirit, surpasses it. Mr. Salt quotes his Latin with the true gusto of the scholar, and has, we learn, been engaged for years on the fairly hopeless task of rendering Virgil.

He left Eton as a rebel of a sort, impossible to be approved there, and himself disapproving; but he retains that affection for it which the great schools, whatever their faults, seldom fail to create in discerning spirits.

FICTION

TEN YEARS AGO: ARMISTICE AND OTHER MEMORIES. By R. H. MOTTRAM. Chatto and Windus. 5s.

As these sketches include some of the characters well known in "The Spanish Farm Trilogy," they rank as fiction. But we know that here, no less than in the reminiscences of Armistice Days, "all is true." A style always clear and never forced, quietly effective in the English way, brings before us the horrors and ironies of the war and the stolid pessimism of weary combatants as no one else has done. We have visions of Americans come to end the hideous muddle, of Chinese railway engineers, and of battlefields altered in a few years almost beyond recognition. "Never again!" is a resolve natural to all who have suffered: and the next war, if it comes, will not be fought by the long-suffering infantry to whom Mr. Mottram addresses a tribute of farewell.

THE SILVER THORN. A Book of Stories. By HUGH WALPOLE. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

IT is no frequent pleasure to read a collection of stories so full of life and observation, and generally so free from commonplace, as this. The influence of apparently trivial or incidental experiences on the fate of men and women provides the movement in most of these fifteen clearly conceived and admirably written studies. Comedy, tragedy, and farce, singly or in natural association, hold sway within these green covers. Some of the most convincing stories deal with frustrated or broken marriages. In "The Picture" an engagement is ended by an irreconcilable difference of taste, and in "The Etching" a happy union is dissolved by the total failure of a wife to sympathize with the newborn art-sense of the husband. "Ecstasy" describes how the imminent collapse of a peaceful home-life is saved by the chance arrival, not of a fairy in disguise, but of a genuine and very dirty beggar-man. Passion for beautiful or curious possessions has not been touched with more understanding by any novelist (not excepting Henry James) than in several of the stories, particularly "Chinese Horses."

In "The Tarn" the atmospheric phenomena of the English Lakes and their influence on sensitive minds are well appreciated, though it is not suggested that the responsibility for the tragic ending should be cast on the bosom of Ullswater.

STATESMEN OF THE WAR

By WILLIAM MARTIN
(Foreign Editor of the Journal de Genève)

Among the leading figures which emerge from Mr. Martin's shrewd and able pen are: LLOYD GEORGE, ASQUITH, CHURCHILL, WILSON, HOUSE, CLEMENCEAU, POINCARÉ, THE KAISER, HINDENBURG, LUDENDORFF, THE EMPEROR CHARLES, SAZONOV, LENIN. "... M. William Martin gives a series of extraordinarily interesting character studies . . ."—*Referee.*

Illustrated 18s. net JUST OUT

JARROLDS PUBLISHERS (LONDON) LIMITED
PATERNOSTER HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW, E.C.4

A MIRROR FOR WITCHES. By ESTHER FORBES. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

READERS of Cotton Mather or Hawthorne may realize the horrors of witch trials in New England. The author has re-created the spirit and detail of the period most remarkably in her study of the doom of a girl witch who became the pet of a sea-captain. When Doll Bilby became "Bilby's Doll," she had been snatched from the fire which burnt her mother, and the memory of the scene grew in her till she believed incredible things about herself. As a foundling forced on a family she was unpopular, and when she became attractive, her fate was sealed. She feared and expected a messenger from the infernal king to whom her parents had promised her. The narrow and abominable religion of the time is perfectly reproduced; and the whole story, with its sad ironies for a more human and enlightened age, is much more convincing than modern attempts to play with the theme of witches. It shows the merits of restraint in art.

JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN. By H. W. FREEMAN. With an Introduction by R. H. MOTTRAM. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

THIS is, first and last, the "story of a Suffolk farm"; for Crackenhill Hall was not as other farms, but rather a baneful proposition that had lured successive owners and occupiers to bankruptcy before Benjamin Genitor and his sons, after a generation of stubborn struggle, wrested profit from its perverse soil. The Genitors, in their complete absorption in "the land" to the exclusion alike of neighbourly intercourse and all outside diversion, are exceptional even in slow-moving Suffolk; but in other respects they are admirably true to type. Of the sons, four, yielding to the urge of youth, sought vainly to break away from the bondage of the farm; and the youngest, born out of wedlock (thanks to his old father's distorted sense of humour), on whom the affections of his five grown-up brethren are pathetically centred, joined a circus, only to run away from it the next day. The elemental frankness of Benjamin is such as to invite

incredulity—the old man would be a portent in any county—but his four sons, in their inarticulateness and fine loyalty, their awkwardness and instinctive negation of self, are good to meet.

Especially happy is Mr. Freeman with his pictures, in sunshine and rain, of the little valley of the Alde and all the pleasant hinterland which begins at the back of Saxmundham Station; but he has done less than justice to the wealth of idiom which marks the language of that countryside. It is a book of unusual merit, not to say distinction; but to endorse Mr. Mottram's claim, that it "does for the life of East Suffolk what Hardy is always said to have done for that of Wessex," would be premature. This is presumably, though a notable bird, Mr. Freeman's first swallow, and the summer is not yet.

ORLANDO. A Biography. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. The Hogarth Press. 9s.

THIS audacious experiment in mundane metaphysics will be like a favourite delicacy of Orlando's Muscovite love Sasha "to the general" run of readers. To enjoy its wit, and knowledge of human nature, if not its style so pleasantly reminiscent of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we have calmly to accept a central character born about 1570, and less than forty years old today, who, moreover, at the age of thirty or thereabouts changed in sleep from a man to a woman. We have also to overlook such incidents as the reading of Sir Thomas Browne's works at a date when he was still learning to walk, and other chronological inexactitudes of a similar sort, in keeping with the design of the book.

Full of lively incident, including Orlando's experiences as a youth with Queen Elizabeth, and as a young woman with Addison and Pope, the book is largely a commentary, often incisive, usually bright and discriminating, on humbug and hypocrisy throughout the ages.

There is probably a good deal of justification for Orlando's belief that the reputation of such resorts as the Hôtel Rambouillet and Madame du Deffand's salon, for sparkling converse, is laid on insubstantial foundations, and that we have usually the best talk of the wits in the things they wrote. The satiric imp fricks in and out among these nicely-printed pages, which enclose several agreeable illustrations, and one ugly portrait of a Germanic prince.

JEHOVAH'S DAY. By MARY BORDEN. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

WHAT might have been a consistently strong novel, dealing with such rather overworked subjects as the general strike and the vicious propensities of the worst kind of new rich, is damaged from the outset by the efforts of the author to be excessively original. The whole "business" of the evolution of man since

the emergence of a big tadpole from the primeval ooze is cumbersome and, with the recurrent obtrusions of the zoological illustrations and comparisons which provide a fetid atmosphere, might almost have been entirely obviated by the simple expedient of saying that the behaviour of many of the people described was "beastly to a degree." Incidentally, while dinosaurs and early tadpoles may conceivably, if improbably, have shared the ability of our favourite walrus to "admire the view," to describe a reptile of a hundred thousand years ago as "stark naked" is absurd.

Peregrine and Ann and Hilary, and even the captive Orchid, provide some agreeable relief, but otherwise the accounts of the frequenters of Mrs. Kimberley's and Mrs. Whitaker's society, at home or abroad, are among the most unpleasant things in recent fiction. The vileness of these people, so ruthlessly depicted, surely goes beyond a fair representation of hedonism in London or on the Riviera.

THE OLDEST WISH. By MARCH COST. Simpkin Marshall. 6s.

THE author shows real gifts of fancy, imagination and tenderness in these five stories, where amulets lead to strange transportations from ordinary existence and there is a fairy air about which transforms and defies space and time. The two first stories in an Eastern setting are too full of sensuous detail. If the author had restrained her pen and selected her material, the effect would be greater. This criticism of excess applies also partly to the tale of the poet who was also a money man. But the two remaining stories are admirable in their humour and their cunning mixture of crude life and spirituality. The charwoman who had good things for once in her life and saw the future, and the beautifully thin princess who was fading away to nothing are both memorable achievements of a rare talent and a fine sense of humanity.

THE CLOSED GARDEN. By JULIAN GREEN. Translated by HENRY LONGAN STUART. With an Introduction by ANDRÉ MAUROIS. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

To publish the work of a young writer with a laudatory review in front of it seems to us unwise. Authors should prefer to stand on their own heads, and this Mr. Green, an American of French training, can do in "Adrienne Mesurat," the novel here translated. It presents a heroine, young and pretty, but led by the perpetual frustrations of her life to madness. Her father, a stupid and selfish retired bourgeois, dooms her in a gloomy house to intolerable monotony; her only sister is a spiteful and sickly old maid, and the two other women she manages to meet only add to her distresses.

The narrow and stingy provincial atmosphere reminds us of "Madame Bovary," but Mr. Green has his own gift of realizing

the obsessions and exaggerations of trivial matters which belong to an empty life. We get rather too much of the heroine's disturbed nights, but the study of her mind—particularly in her brief escape from the deadly home—is convincing, and the story moves steadily to an inevitable end.

The translation reads well, but is clearly by an American. A "shirtwaist" and "mailing" letters are not English on this side of the Atlantic.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY. By GRAHAM SUTTON. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

I AM not sure whether this is Mr. Sutton's first novel, but its quality gives one the impression that it is. Immaturity? A little; but as compensation that love of the writing, real, almost passionate, interest in the characters, earnest underlining of the theme for which the book came to be written—all those things which we yearn for long afterwards when the first novel has given place to the tenth, the twentieth. Mr. Sutton has added to these qualities a knowledge of theatrical life in provincial French opera companies, in the fit-up theatres of Ireland, and the touring companies of England; a capacity for description of his many-changing scene; and above all, a love of music and an understanding of it rare in literary people. So Terry Garth, musing in her dressing-room whilst the voice of the call-boy marks off the periods, sees her life of struggle to fame in retrospect, her love for Danny Slane with its ecstasy and hurt, her love for Leslie Barradine with its promise of content, and her faith in beauty as giving some meaning to her pagan life.

The technical method of the book takes away a little from the sharpness of its outlines until the author cheerfully evades the implications of his own technique and treats it as direct narrative. It has the advantage, however, of limiting the viewpoint to that of the one character, and so makes for form. If Mr. Sutton tends to tell us too often what his book means, it is a gracious fault in a world where many novels are regrettably obscure. H. S.

THE OPEN AIR

A WEST COUNTRY SKETCH BOOK. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

THESE open-air studies of the region that Mr. Phillpotts has made his own are admirable in their appreciation of the subtleties of cloud and colour, and especially the tones of winter, which are less easy to catch than the brighter hues of spring and summer. He notes rock and stream with the keen eye he brings to the historic and prehistoric traces of man. When he is on the birthplace of Raleigh, he thinks also of his half-brother, Humphrey Gilbert, who discovered Gilbert's Straits and founded the first British settlement of Newfoundland. Raleigh (or Ralegh, if

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.
40 Museum Street, London, W.C.1.

THE LIFE OF SPACE

by MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Authorized translation by Bernard Miall. 6s. These essays deal with the marvels of Time and Space and the Fourth Dimension, with dreams, and the nature of God and Man. They are not in the least technical or "heavy," but written with all M. Maeterlinck's graceful lucidity.

THE USE OF PHILOSOPHY

by Professor J. H. MUIRHEAD. 7s. 6d. The essays of this volume touch on subjects as varied as "The Spirit of Man," "The Scot Abroad," "Religion," and include an answer to the question, "What is Philosophy, anyway?"

FUNDAMENTAL PROBLEMS OF LIFE

by Professor J. S. MACKENZIE, author of "Elements of Constructive Philosophy," etc. 12s. 6d. An Essay on Citizenship as Pursuit of Values.

the reader pleases) may be the mightiest son of Devon, but there is a cynical touch of the careerist about him, seen in his "Advice to his Son," which rather spoils his versatile greatness.

The delicate discernment of Nature in these sketches is happily diversified by encounters and talks with the people who live on the land, weatherbeaten figures with a gift of picturesque speech which is beyond the slick and smart prosers of today. They will talk only to one who understands their ways. Mr. Phillpotts draws them out, sympathizes and leaves them at the right moment. His record of their talk, with its superstition, humour, and stoic endurance, is first-rate. It is long since we have read anything so truly vivid and English as his little sketches of the grandmother and the old gamekeeper, both aware that for them the golden time is long past, but holding on to life with a gentleness and a courtesy not so common as it used to be.

HILLS AND HIGHWAYS. By KATHARINE C. CHORLEY. Dent. 6s.

IF the definitely feminine name did not help us, the author, who talks easily of dangerous climbing, drives cars in heavy water and writes of "us men," might be taken for a man. She enters thoroughly into the joys and happy hardships of the mountains

and has recaptured the charm of many beautiful scenes. These lessons in appreciation are needed by many today, and the author has the gift of visualization. Two of the best chapters deal with a humorist of the Lake District and the "Poetry of Peasant Speech." Here the merits of plain, homespun English are well exhibited, but the author's style is far from natural prose and sometimes tediously elaborate. Not so did Leslie Stephen write on the Alps. She says, however, and reports some good things. When she talks of the peaceful plains as opposed to the hills, she is sentimentalizing without the aid of history. The plain of Jezreel, as we learnt many years since, was the battlefield of Palestine. The dawn is a good subject, little touched in literature, and has the curious effect of making some people almost ill with its weirdness.

FRENCH FICTION

FRENCH NOVELISTS, MANNERS AND IDEAS FROM THE RENAISSANCE TO THE REVOLUTION. By FREDERICK C. GREEN, PH.D. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THE FRENCH NOVEL. By H. ASHTON, D.LITT. Benn. 6d.

THE professor of French at the University of Toronto has written an interesting account of the French novel from its rise with "L'Astrée" of d'Urfé at the beginning of the seventeenth century until the age of Rousseau, Laclos, and Rétif de la Bretonne at the close of the eighteenth, on the eve of the Revolution. The book, which appears to be founded on a course of lectures, covers the ground thoroughly and not too pedagogically. But it will not supersede either in matter or manner the classical work of Dr. Saintsbury.

The novel has reached such vast dimensions, both in France and England, that the history of its modest beginnings will always interest students of literature. But from reading about books to reading the books themselves is a long step, and it requires great enthusiasm to wade through the interminable romances of the pre-romantic period. How many voracious readers have reached the end of "Pamela"? But there are outstanding masterpieces that brave the lapse of time. "Gil Blas," "Manon Lescaut," and the short stories of Voltaire will continue to be read, as have the tales of Lucian and Petronius. Dr. Green gives very good reasons for our liking of these and may induce many to dip into other novels.

Messrs. Benn's Sixpenny Library does for the poor student of today what Dick's shilling reprints did for readers in the 'eighties. Dr. Ashton begins with d'Urfé, as Dr. Green does, but he carries on the tale even to the present year. He gives three-quarters of his eighty small pages to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and there are few authors whom he does not place with a sure touch. This book will prove a useful guide to the beginner and enable him to get the main lines clear in his mind.

BOOKS

ASPECTS OF ART

A History of Garden Art. By Marie Louise Gothein. Edited by Walter P. Wright. Translated by Laura Archer-Hind, M.A. Dent. Two Vols. 84s.

If ever the title of encyclopædic could be applied, it should be to these volumes. With a range from the earliest records of gardens in Egypt, through Greek and Roman, Byzantine, Medieval and Renaissance gardens to those of modern Europe and the English and American gardens of today, the book is a study of its subject in every civilized country. That it embellishes its theme with nearly seven hundred photographs reveals how thoroughly the work of research has been carried on. Nor has its author forgotten that the garden implies the gardener, and her volumes are peopled with all the pageant of those who have planned or created gardens and the great figures of history who have walked therein. Mr. Wright, editing, has added a chapter on the modern English garden, which demonstrates happily how alive this art is with us today. One could have wished that for a moment he had strayed from those exalted gardens in which he moves to mention the magnificent work of the original London Gardens Guild and its evolution into a National Gardens Guild, for the millions of small villa gardens are a more precious social possession than even the wonders of a Chatsworth or Aldenham.

A New Presentation of Greek Art: The Handwork of a Hellenist. By F. B. P. Osmaston. Simpkin Marshall. 10s. 6d.

Though the title of this book is a little pretentious, it is an unusual performance which should please classical scholars. The author, a lover of Greek literature, spent over two years in adorning some fifty odd pages which contain Greek originals and translations with reproductions from Greek art and landscapes. Thus we get selections from acknowledged masterpieces in a charming and appropriate setting, though the colours of the originals are not given.

The book is, in part, a memorial to a son lost in the war, whose beautiful face is figured in two of the plates. The Greek lettering is finely done and the choice of passages is good, including the prayer of Socrates to Pan. Demeter presides over the page which gives Shakespeare's "Fear no more the heat o' the sun," with Munro's Latin version, which we have not seen for many a year.

Collecting. By Bohun Lynch. Jarrold. 5s.

Mr. Lynch finds collectors two centuries back very much as they are today. He might have been still more astonished to hit on the extravagance and fashion of Imperial Rome. Silver plate and agate vases were popular, and forgers were busy adding famous names to "association" pieces. The poet Martial was bored with the genealogies of silver cups supposed to have

belonged to Homeric heroes. But these Romans had, so far as we can judge, little of the sentiment which distinguishes the modern collector, and which Mr. Lynch applauds in his pleasant gossip. Furniture, which he considers mainly, is perhaps the most rational form of the collector's mania, and became an expensive luxury for rich men of business in France under Louis XIV. Books with the right misprints may be today beyond the dreams of avarice, except in the United States, and may also be disregarded by the scholar.

The pleasures of such finds as Mr. Lynch notes will never fade, and the wish to keep family treasures needs no defence. But while the gentleman will boast of keeping his rare family pieces, he is often quite ready to do his best to deprive cottagers of theirs. Today, as Mr. Lynch remarks, dealers are wily and palm off inferior stuff on the unsuspecting, planting their goods in places where they may seem genuine finds. Deceived or not, the collector is happy in his pursuit. Joseph Knight, famous for his social charm, once remarked, "I collect ambassadors"; and a daughter at once replied, "It would be better, pa, if you collected sovereigns." The collector is, however, deaf to the voice of busy common sense, and his taste has improved. The vogue has gone out of mere curiosities, such as the dried tapeworm which Hawthorne represents as sold out of a minister's collection. Mr. Lynch is sprightly and writes as a connoisseur, but gets lost in some of his sentences. We were sorry to see his vivid career cut short since we wrote this notice of his latest book.

POETRY AND DRAMA

WINTER WORDS. By THOMAS HARDY. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

THE current intellectual fashion is to doubt Hardy's powers as a novelist, but to hail him as a poet. This last volume does little to vary the elements upon which such a judgment must rest, for it is closely akin to his earlier poetry. His highly individualized technique, his staccato metres, challenging rhymes, use of strangely wrought words ("absent-thoughted," "blinker-bound," and such); his distinctive matter of tragic incident or cynic thought; his peculiar philosophy with its wry smile at the ironies of fate—these things are here more strongly marked than ever. The fault of the book is that they *are* more strongly marked, and at times read terribly like self-parody. Irony pushed too far ceases to be ironic and becomes farcical. His worms, graves, and epitaphs read very like Mrs. Gummidge's lament; his fallen maids, suicides, and coffin-cases become distressingly like a pattern on a frieze. Too often he wears his singing robes like an undertaker.

Strangely and despite this there is beauty: the wise pity for baffled and self-baffling mankind, the passionate understanding of nature in all her moods, and that sense of destiny which gives enduring greatness to the novels.

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All of which is to say that Hardy lovers will claim this as final proof of his unfailing power, and his detractors as equal evidence of his shortcomings; and by the paradox of genius both will be right.

HOPPLA. By ERNST TOLLER. English version by HERMON OULD. Benn. 6s.

THE LIGHT COMEDIAN. A Comedy in three acts. By HERMON OULD. Benn. 3s. 6d. and 5s.

A PLAY by the author of *Masse Mensch* is an event of importance in the European theatre, and the success of "Hoppla" on the stages of Central and Northern Europe proves it to be no exception. This drama of a revolutionist driven mad by prison and released from an asylum after eight years to find his idealist dreams foiled or fouled in the welter of the post-war world may be meat too strong for English taste. Managers used to terrifying their audiences into hysterics or satiating them with sex and cocktail drama would doubtless assert that it is; they would mean that it is serious and sets out to be a criticism of life.

Its technique is cinematographic, using different parts of the stage and different levels for short scenes to compass the wide action. It even suggests the use between the acts of the cinema itself where such is available.

Perhaps, in truth, Toller's passionate pessimism and concern with the state of the body politic do not belong to the theatre of amusement, but those who are interested in that other theatre of art and of ideas will want to be acquainted with this drama.

Mr. Ould's own new play need not frighten the most conservative of managers. It is straight comedy on that theme dearest to the public heart—love and life behind the theatrical scene. It has that little catch in the voice which brings it to the very verge of sentiment, but its wit and an underlying modernity of thought-stuff save it. Harlequin-cum-Ibsen the drama is unceasingly human and first-rate "theatre"; while such work is being published, there is no justification for the managerial moan that the younger English dramatists fail them.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

At Christmas, after a long course of the writers who prefer to be gloomy and have no beliefs or hopes to speak of, we are still allowed to be cheerful, and bright, gay books are provided for the oldest holidays the world knows. Among such, Kingsley's "Heroes" and "Water-Babies" in an illustrated children's edition (Macmillan, each 6s.) are sure of a hearty welcome, for no one has superseded them. Mr. Brock's bright colours for the "Heroes" should please the nursery, and we notice that Linley Sambourne's illustrations of the other book, which were quaint, but not always successful, have been improved here and there and brought up to date in the matter of clothing by a new hand. The text of the book, too, is sensibly reduced.

Mr. Ernest H. Shephard has illustrated well Kenneth Grahame's "Golden Age" (Lane, 7s. 6d.). The pictures are dainty, like the author's prose, but preserve the naturalness of Olympians to whom freedom is more than dress and dirt than respectability.

Messrs. Wyndham Lewis and Heseltine have provided a deal of fine and varied feeding in their "Christmas Book" (Dent, 6s.). They are distinctly churchy, but they go to medieval sources which are fresher today than the worn-out sentiment so long dedicated to the season, and they give in musical notation several foreign and old English songs. So the book has the merit of unusualness, and it covers a catholic range in good cheer, including sound drinkers like Dr. Folliott, Horace enjoying his fire in the snow-time (which, after last year, seems no idle fancy of the picturesque artist) and Charles Lamb acknowledging the gift of a pig.

Sometimes we are inclined to think that humour is dying out. A good antidote for any such idea is "The Funny Bone," humorous stories well collected by Lady Cynthia Asquith (Jarrold, 7s. 6d.). Here the delightful Irish pair, Somerville and Ross, Mr. Wodehouse and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, and a host of others show that they can be light and amusing.

Natural history is always worth cultivating and many a youngling may be pleased with "Animals in Black and White," in which the Larger and Smaller Beasts and Birds occupy four books (Dent, each 2s. 6d.). The text will tell the reader about the colours and much else that is pertinent.

"Gay-Neck, the Story of a Pigeon," by Dhan Gopal Mukerji, illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff (Dent, 6s.) tells of an Indian bird, wild life in the high mountains, and the beautiful serenity and faith of the monks of the Lamaseries. This is an ideal book for young people with its lesson that it is fear which brings disaster and defeat. Ghond, the expert hunter who knows all the ways of animals, and Gay-Neck figure together in the war, and

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the pet bird has throughout to face many perils, chiefly from the swooping hawk. His own tale of his doings seems a little sentimental on occasion, but the lore of the wild is doubtless as accurate as it is attractive.

"There's Magic in It," by Edith S. Elias (Chambers, 2s. 6d.) is a charming story of small fairies, Bobulory and others, who helped three children to some time of their own after they had dug up a box and eaten some fairy cake. In half an hour, as humans count the clock, they did many things, and the most difficult was giving up their treasures. The moral is, however, never obtrusive and the adventures are lightly and prettily conceived.

GENERAL

ODDITIES. By LIEUT.-COMMANDER RUPERT T. GOULD, R.N. Philip Allan. 12s. 6d.

BOOKS of this kind are commonly written by a popularizer of no particular expertness. "Oddities," however, as readers of "The Marine Chronometer" by the same author would expect, falls under a different class. It is the work of a competent man of science who has a good idea of testing evidence, and tempers his science with a sense of humour. He begins with the tracks of a strange animal found in the snow on the south coast, and goes on to oddly disturbed coffins which remind us of the mystery in Blackmore's "Perlycross." Tricks of vision—both those due to "expectant attention" and the purely optical illusions of mirage—are discussed in stories of lost ships and dubious islands. Here we learn that our Hydrographic Department, becoming aware of one such cartographical error in 1899, rectified it, "with almost Spanish promptitude"—in 1917!

We get into mathematics with Fermat's still unsolved theorems and Mersenne's curious research in prime numbers; and into mechanics with what is probably the most interesting of all claims to the discovery of that *ignis fatuus*, perpetual motion. Here it is pointed out that when Watt, to avoid infringing the crank-motion patent of an obscure rival, invented his ingenious "sun and planet-wheel motion," he was really climbing over a barrier that did not exist. For the former device had actually been invented and published by Orffyreus sixty-five years earlier. Cranks of the human sort, as we know, rediscover, from time to time, the ideas exploded in this volume; and sometimes (like Mr. Ebenezer Landells on p. 93, though with less warrant)

"exercise the inalienable right of every Englishman and write to the *Times*."

The book is decidedly entertaining, and should appeal to a wider circle than the select society of "Odd Volumes" to which it is dedicated. Some day, we hope, Lieut.-Commander Gould will give us more of his researches in the odd.

A.B.C. OF THE UNION JACK: ITS ORIGIN AND MEANING. By CECIL H. CROFTS. Gale and Polden. 6d.

THE proper proportions and arrangement of the Union Jack are often neglected and its history is forgotten, so that Mr. Crofts' little pamphlet is welcome. The flag which has been, since 1606, the symbol of all that the nation cares and fights for should be known and shown correctly. Above all, it should not be used for purposes of advertisement, an indecent practice that has now, we think, gone out. The pictures of great battles on land and sea remind us of national valour and the tattered flags which record it in many of our great churches.

A JOURNAL OF A TOUR TO THE HEBRIDES WITH SAMUEL JOHNSON. By JAMES BOSWELL. With an Introduction by T. RATCLIFFE BARNETT, and Illustrations by W. H. CAFFYN. Dent. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a comely and well-printed reissue of a book which is less known than the famous biography, but ought to rank with it. Boswell was at his best as a travelling companion. He spurred on the great man when he was lazy or languorous, put down all his injurious remarks about Scotland, and dwelt with amazing candour on his own drunkenness. The introducer might have noted the fact that Johnson also wrote an account of the tour which is not equal to Boswell's, but affords interesting chances for comparisons. Johnson begins by recognizing Boswell's "gaiety of conversation and civility of manners." "Aggravating" (p. vi) is vulgarly used for "annoying," but should mean "making bad worse." The illustrations of places and persons are attractive.

MONTAIGNE'S ESSAYS. Translated by JOHN FLORIO. With an Introduction by DESMOND MACCARTHY, and Illustrations by G. E. CHAMBERS. Three volumes. Dent. 22s. 6d.

HERE, in the same style as Boswell's "Tour," is a pleasant edition of the famous essays, and besides Mr. MacCarthy's preface, which does justice to the serene wisdom of the book, we find at the end an appreciation in French by Emile Faguet, which considers carefully Montaigne's scepticism and his influence in France. There is also a useful glossary of hard words. What we miss is any hint that the grand old translator is sometimes lacking in clearness and accuracy. On the last page, for instance, he gives "Wee may long enough get upon stilts" for the French "Avons nous beau monter sur des eschasses," which means "It is no use raising ourselves on stilts."

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ENGLISH REVIEW

DECEMBER, 1928

Correspondence

In Defence of Prohibition

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—As a subscriber to THE ENGLISH REVIEW I wish to say that the article "The Soul of American Prohibition" contains such a multitude of errors that justice requires their correction.

It is distinctly not true that prohibition was "put over" by religious fanatics who hated to see their fellow citizens enjoy a drink and regarded alcohol as immoral. Any man who imagines that the puritanic element in America is more than a small minority "has another think coming." Out of 120,000,000 population, there are only about 24,000,000 Protestant church members, including women and children, and 18,000,000 Catholics—obviously not Puritans. The huge remainder of the population have no church affiliations whatever, to say nothing of Puritan belief.

But such was the public opinion of the "drink evil," politically and sociologically, that prohibition carried by the most enormous majority ever given in the United States on a question of public policy, and if voted on again today would certainly carry, though some changes in method might be adopted to bring about the desired result. And this majority was country-wide. The sentiment was as strong in the east as in the west and as strong in the south as in the north. This ought to dispose of the "Puritan" accusation, though remembering Hampden and Milton as Puritans, and the renown of England during the Protectorate as compared with her disrepute after the Restoration, it does not seem certain that the word "Puritan" necessarily implies fanaticism or narrowmindedness or lack of education and patriotism.

In ancient times, when every drink of water or milk carried the risk of typhoid fever, there was economic justification for devoting arable acres to grapes for wine or to barley for beer, just as in China tea-drinking became general because the incidental boiling of the water made it wholesome.

The beneficial results of prohibition are manifold. The country has rid itself of the hundreds of thousands of "corner saloons"—public-houses—that were centres of social and political corruption and absorbed an enormous amount of the earnings of workmen. This is a

One man will stoutly hold that the pipe, if true enjoyment is to be attained, should be a close-season affair, a thing "too bright and good for human nature's daily food"; that the bowl should be set a-glowing only at definite intervals—as after dinner, in the library; or in a hammock, on sunny afternoons: that continuous indulgence, in short, is liable to defeat its own end . . .

And another; that plenary satisfaction is only to be had of an unrelaxing grip upon the vulcanite; that it is impossible to have too much of a good thing.

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gain of incalculable value. It is true that we now have the "bootlegger," but he is an outlaw and, though you may not believe it, relatively negligible.

There has ensued greater comfort of the common people. The billions of money formerly wasted on drink have gone into legitimate channels of trade to provide the people with food, housing, insurance, and savings. Unemployment in the real sense has almost ceased to exist. There are doubtless millions of unemployed, but after deducting the unemployable and the idle by preference, these millions shrink into insignificance, and in a country where workmen go to their jobs in their own automobiles and wages in such trades as house-painting, carpentering, bricklaying, and many others run to two and three pounds a day, there is not much suffering. The savings banks report enormous increases in deposits and the figures for life and sickness insurance are even more striking.

And all this in spite of the fact that enforcement has been relatively ineffective and at times vicious. This latter can be remedied, and the former improved, although with 6,000 miles of sea coast to guard, and 5,000 miles of land frontier to watch, it is not amazing that rum-running from foreign countries flourishes. Years ago rum-running was popular in England, and the competition of British distilleries had much to do with its suppression.

These are not the *ex parte* statements of a Puritan, a church member or of an uneducated or untravelled provincial, for I am none

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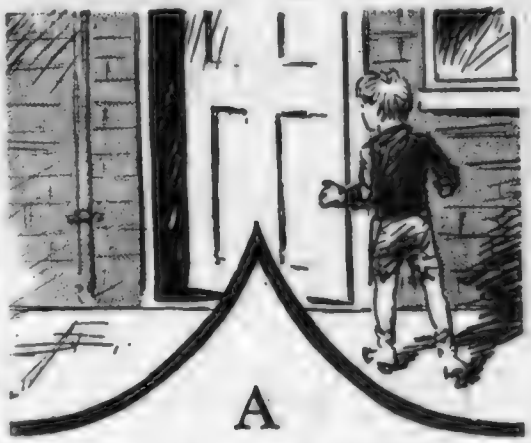

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of these; I am not even a "Prohibitionist" in the narrow sense. I have seen drunken men in Sweden and Denmark, and drunken women in London, and, while not feeling competent to criticize the policy of a sister nation, have felt that England, too, would be better off if less hard liquor were sold. This was also the opinion of an eminent Scottish jurist whom I met. It seems to be also the opinion of Canadians, whom no one would accuse of Puritanism or of crass provincial ignorance. The Tsar of Russia also indicated his opinion during the war, of the wisdom of doing away with alcohol in Russia. Norway and Sweden seem to be like-minded.

The criticism of the settlement of England's debt to the States as dictated by the "Prohibitionist" mind, an idea that this settlement has caused America to be hated, hardly deserve comment. If the English choose to hate Americans because there is still an honest debt between the two countries, after America has forgiven a large portion of it, I suppose it is an instance of "For loan oft loses both itself and friend," and raises the question of the value of the friendship of a country which demands as its price that it shall not be asked to pay its debts. The logic of Mr. Flack's view of the "international aspect of the question" is merely that it is the duty of the United States to pay the German reparations debt.

The statement that "the majority of the members of Congress are almost entirely ignorant of the most elementary facts and principles of political theory, of science, of economics, of history," is as untrue as if it were made of the British Parliament, for whose membership I have high esteem. The reference to the oil scandal in connection with prohibition is beneath contempt.

But the difficulty is that the entire article betrays an ignorance so complete of the whole subject that it is as if an American should say that the Marconi scandal brought on the Boer War.

Yours, etc.,

Cincinnati, Ohio. CHARLES M. CIST.

Poland and Lithuania

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—In your last month's issue you print an article by "Augur" entitled "Europe Looks at Vilno," embodying certain statements which partly apply to me, and which could not fail to be annoying to any self-respecting British journalist. He speaks of my article in your September issue, "Lithuania and the League," as being a "partisan statement" setting forth the Polish point of view while, as a counterpoise to this, he affirms that "we have a right to a view of our own."

It is not very clear to whom the "we" especially refers. If it is the editorial "we" it is a superfluous statement, because nobody would trouble to question "Augur's" right to have a view of his own; but the fact that this particular view is said to be "neither Polish nor

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Lithuanian" rather suggests to the reader that, in contradistinction from myself, "Augur" claims to put forward the British, or even the universal point of view.

Now, sir, I do not wish to grudge "Augur" his assumption of universal knowledge, but I most emphatically repudiate the insinuation that my article was partisan or was designed simply to set forth "the Polish point of view." What I pointed out was that no real improvement in the relations between Lithuania and Poland would take place if M. Voldemaras refused serious negotiations and continued to shut his country up from Poland in a state of fancied isolation. The first essential of any real improvement would be to have full and free communication between the two parties, and then, when they had learned to know each other better in trade and mutual intercourse, they could of their own initiative, if they so pleased, discuss frankly any causes of offence.

This seems to me not only a British point of view but a standpoint based on genuine common sense. "Augur" can scarcely have considered what he was implying when he wrote that such an attitude as this is both "partisan" and "Polish."

I did not in my article go back to the ancient history of Vilno, although I was present in the city not long after the occupation by General Zeligowski. Indeed, I felt, when I was watching the discussions at the last meeting of the Council of the League at Geneva, that that body has not the slightest intention of reopening the Vilno question, but rather desires that an end should be put, and that speedily, to a dangerous claim on the part of Lithuania to be in "a kind of war" which may become a grave menace to the peace of Europe.

I am, etc.,

J. H. HARLEY.

59 Parliament Hill, Hampstead, N.W.

Armistice Day and Pacifism

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—May I ask your correspondent, Mr. W. G. Carlton Hall, for chapter and verse in support of his charge that the League of Nations Union is leading "an organized effort to make it appear that our share in the war was matter for shame rather than pride"?

While it is inevitable that such a widespread society as the Union, with its membership of over 720,000, should include in its ranks many shades of opinion, I fail to see how it merits the stigma "pacifist." There are sufficient soldiers and sailors on its Executive Committee to ensure that no official undertaking of the Union is an offence to patriotism. They include, in point of fact, Lieut.-Col. Lord Henry

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In striking contrast to your correspondent's criticism, we have the Prime Minister's dictum, delivered in the Royal Albert Hall only a fortnight before Armistice Day: "No man is too good a patriot to be a member of the League of Nations Union." H.M. the King also said: "I appreciate the efforts of its members to educate public opinion in support of the League, in which lies our chief hope for the future peace of the world. I offer you my best wishes for the continued strength and prosperity of the League of Nations Union."

Yours, etc.,

LESLIE R. ALDOUS.

31 Union Square, Islington.

Capital Punishment and the Fear of Death

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW

SIR,—In an article published in your columns on Capital Punishment, by W. G. Carlton Hall, certain words of mine in 1920 are quoted

What are you doing for Armenia?

"There are tiny babies with pinched, wasted faces, already oppressed with the burden of life, although it has scarcely begun; children of one and two years of age, no larger than dolls."

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as evidence that political prisoners "shrink from certain death," though willing to undergo imprisonment and torture.

My answer to that is that political prisoners with a cause at heart will shrink from certain death under certain conditions, and may be quite undeterred by that certainty under other conditions. Such is my own case.

In 1914, with a great movement behind me and a cause—Votes for Women—almost won, I shrank not at all. When I announced that I would hunger-strike in prison and out until Mr. Asquith received our working women's deputation after his repeated refusals, I believed — and was quite undeterred by that belief — that he would remain stubborn to the end and that I should have to die. My mother was of the same opinion, and advised against my undertaking. No one was more surprised than myself when Mr. Nevinson and Keir Hardie came to where I was lying on the steps outside the House of Commons to say that Mr. Asquith had conceded our demand for the deputation. I was planning to get fifty women to hunger-strike till the vote was won when war came to alter all plans. I believed that quite a number of us would die before the end.

In 1920 I had behind me a disorganized rabble of warring factions, I was striving for a cause remote and little comprehended; I felt that to die in prison would be to give my life with less result than could be got by living to fight another day. That precisely is the difference.

Yours, etc.,

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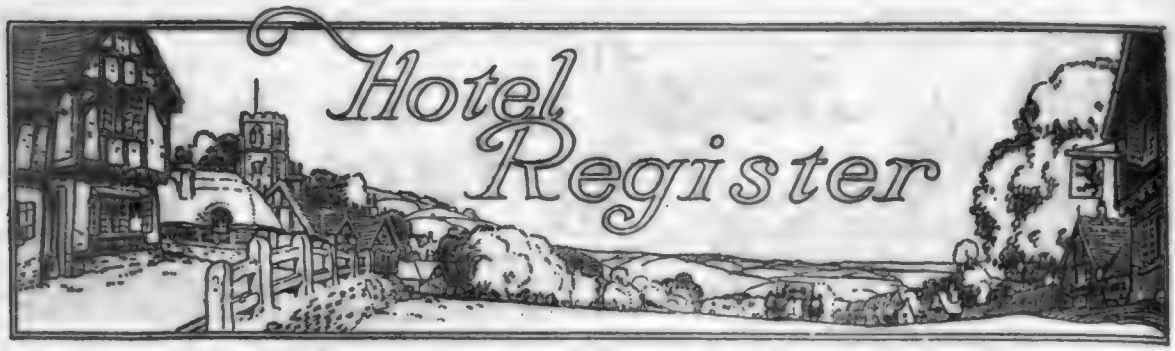

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